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PORTRAIT-STUDY BY ADELAIDE HANSCOM

Children as They Are Pictured

By Sidney Allan



THIS is the age of the child. It somehow has become the center of attraction; our whole social system seems to revolve around its welfare. In domestic affairs the child has always reigned supreme. Ibsen and other sour exponents of problematic literature have tried hard to make us believe that married life is naught but another struggle for the survival of the fittest. This seems to be a rather short-sighted view of the situation, as it entirely ignores the child in its calculation. There is no chance for either party to wield the scepter after the first baby has made its appearance. He takes entire command,

and the tyrannical parent has to hand in his or her resignation.

And now also the outside world bestows its attention upon the child. Never before has society taken so much interest in its bringing up. Sanitary science, physical culture, and moral philosophy have been pressed into service. Education has become universal, and the introduction of kindergartening has furnished a new method for the development of individual faculties and self-expression. If that system could only be adapted to all branches of instruction! For the child lives in a world of its own, a land of mystery to grown-ups. It can only be approached in a roundabout way by suggestion rather than by direct stereotyped reasoning.

Ever since Kenneth Grahame wrote his



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"THE DANCING LESSON." PHOTOGRAPH BY RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.

charming book, "The Golden Age," we have been fully aware of the wide gulf that separates the wise and matter-of-fact Olympians from the Illuminati (*i. e.*, the little ones, with unctuous hair and faces stiffened into a grin)—a gulf that makes it impossible to each to arrive at a true appreciation of the other's worth. The Olympians, who have grown so conscious of their own superiority, have nothing but pity for those days when they, too, had to be captured in order to be washed and forced into a clean collar or spotless apron. They may have been Tom Sawyers and Huckleberry Finns themselves, but they have lost all comprehension of the beauty of those adventures. They have forgotten all about cobs and robbers and the times when the cook or butler was the best friend they had. They

even reprimand their own little ones when they harness the parlor chairs for an imaginary team. They have become dull and prosaic from the Illuminate's point of view and are deprived of the faculty of seeing insignificant things in a halo of entrancement.

Nowhere do both parties realize this more than in the portrait studio. To have the children painted or photographed has become a habit with all elders, whether they inhabit palaces, or live, as most of them do, in some more humble abode. It has become a fashion. Portraiture, although a luxury in a way, has almost become a necessity of modern life. Every child has to submit sooner or later to this pictorial record of facts. It is an event that recurs from time to time and one to which a good deal





MISS MARJORIE GOULD. FROM THE PAINTING BY EMIL FUCHS

of sentimentality is attached, at least by the Olympian members of the family. But the little Argonauts, who pursue no golden fleece but that of pleasure and frolic and shun the pale phantom of propriety, take quite a different view of it. They who are artists by nature, as they still live in the

realms of imagination, if they had their own way, would give short shrift to the painter or the photographer, unless, indeed, he were a modern Murillo, capable of portraying them in easy and unconventional attitudes, unkempt, dirt and all.

But alas! such is never the case. On



"DOLLY," FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN DA COSTA



PORTRAIT OF A BOY. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. SHANNON



"A BELLE OF THE FUTURE." FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN DA COSTA

their visits to a studio they are invariably accompanied by some solemn Olympian who has read Ruskin and insists on Charlotte and Harold donning their best clothes for the occasion, for surely papa's pocket-book has not been drained, nor has mama devoted all her time to shopping, only to have them portrayed in the unceremonious attire of the nursery or the street. And so they deck and overload with finery the little limbs that nature meant for free action. Even the innocent amusement of sucking one's thumb or nibbling candy, which leaves such sticky marks on the artist's furniture, is utterly proscribed and out of the question. And so the result is often little manikins in knickerbockers and wax dolls in starched petticoats. Pictures of this kind do not ring true. They seem to be posed for an effect, to which the little ones submit, as is their wont, with more of contempt than anger.

But the painters and photographers have realized the plight of the little ones and have come to their rescue. Some of them have established veritable toy-shops and nurseries, with miniature tables and chairs, in their studios. The child gets interested in some story- or picture-book and forgets the main purpose of its presence.



"PEASANT GIRL." PHOTOGRAPH BY
JEANNE E. BENNETT



"THE TOP." PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. FIELD

One of the best known photographers, who makes a specialty of child portraiture, explained his method. "My mode of treatment is apt to differ with each child," he said. "Children must be managed according to temperament. Yet I never set out to win their good-will. On the other hand I rather neglect them, simply leaving them alone to become acquainted with the studio. One or two general rules I do follow, though. I never antagonize a child. Rather I humor it, when it has begun to be interested in me. Again, if I begin to think that a certain pose would be just the one for a child to take, it almost invariably happens that this is the last that is natural to him. It never pays to have a preconceived idea of a child's pose. I simply let the child wander about until I see what it is that it wants to do, and what it will do. I don't consider it difficult, and there is no one I would rather see coming into my studio to be photographed than a little child."

Some of the portraits reproduced in these pages are essentially childlike, showing fresh little buds of vitality with the fra-

Children as They Are Pictured

grance of unaffectedness. The painters and photographers understood how to win the confidence of their little sitters, to hold their interest and to catch them when they were perfectly at ease and natural. This is necessary for all portrait work, but especially so for pictures of child life, as there is, perhaps, no phase of art work which demands of the artist such a complete submission of himself to the poser's spontaneous self. The more an artist works with little people, and the more he loves them, the more does he gradually recognize that the condition on which good work is based is simplicity of treatment and directness of motive.

In the golden age character is unfixed and spontaneous and not always on its best behavior, and the artist must be on the alert to note shifting emotions, to catch the ripple of animation on the faces when the little ones are at play or are chattering in their innocent way. But, at the same time, it must be a typical likeness, a likeness that will cause the parents to feel that it is an accurate representation of their son and daughter at a certain age. For, after all, we do not wish to see our children portrayed as marauding Indians, or dressed up as for some ragamuffin parade. The artist must stand between the Olympians and their offspring. He must have the faculty of satisfying them both.

The instantaneous process of photography, the snap-shot, is perhaps the ideal way of photographing children. Amateurs realize this, and often get a certain something into their humble efforts, a certain intimacy of expression which the work of professionals lacks. If it were not so one would not so often hear it said



(unfortunately with a very large degree of justice) that the best likeness of little Joe or Bessie was taken by an amateur friend, in his back garden, the only apparent reason being that, although the portrait is much worse from a purely photo-

graphic point of view than those taken by professionals, it was taken in a more spontaneous manner. The trouble with the amateurs is that they do not master the actual handling of the instrument. Fully one-half the failures in instantaneous work are due to a division of the attention between the subject and the instrument instead of directing all mental effort to the object to be photographed.

instead of directing all mental effort to the object to be photographed.

Snap-shooting should be like touch typewriting, in which the operator has grown so familiar with the position of each individual key and part of the machine that he can manipulate it without looking at anything but the short-hand notes to be transcribed or the document to be copied—in other words, the machine is operated entirely by the sense of touch, which has been especially developed for the purpose.

Are not the chances of bagging game greatly reduced to the sportsman whose knowledge of his gun is so limited that he is obliged to fumble over the hammer or ejector before shooting? Is he not immeasurably handicapped by not knowing the construction of his tool so well that he can manipulate it in the dark, if necessary? Certainly; but when it comes to photography, the average camera-owner immediately becomes inconsistent and confidently expects to bag the game by giving three-quarters of his attention to the instrument and the other quarter to the thing he wishes to picture.



A ROMNEY EFFECT. PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HAVELOCK PIERCE





"LITTLE MISCHIEF." PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HAVELOCK PIERCE



Photograph by Rudolf Eickmeyer, Jr.



Copyright by Henry Hall

"PETS"

Surely, the argument as applied to the sportsman is equally strong when applied to the photographer! Inconsistency is a hard trait to overcome.

A good portrait, whether painted or made with the camera, should create the impression that one is looking into the face of an acquaintance. It should be a social realization of the outward appearance, of all the vital facts which constitute a separate human existence. For there is a sentimental side to portraiture; it has a relation to common humanity.

I think it was Green, the historian, who, asked what was in his opinion the most important invention of the nineteenth century, caused his interrogator much surprise

by passing over the steam-engine, electricity, and the rest of man's treasures-trove and selecting photography. I heartily agree with this statement. Photography has done more good to the world than any other

discovery, in that it has more than ever drawn closely together the bonds of the family. In spite of the influence of cheap and general travel, the photographic print has linked all members, so that although the sons may be toiling in the gold-fields of Alaska and the daughters carried off into matrimonial bondage, they are kept constantly in mind by the pictures which come from time to time as messengers from the far-off children to the stay-at-homes, who in turn send forth their own shadow-



"WHISTLING BOY." PHOTOGRAPH BY
HENRY HALL



"MOTHER AND CHILD." PHOTOGRAPH BY ADELAIDE HANSCOM



DAUGHTER OF DEAN SAGE, ESQ. FROM THE PAINTING BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET

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graphs. How comforting and sustaining such images of absent ones are only those who cannot see the dear and ever-familiar faces are fully able to realize.

And in so far as the photograph keeps alive the unity of the family and the wholesome memory of home, with the stimulating thought of "what will they think of me under such or such circumstances?" it is a powerful aid to the unity of the race.

The children's portraits in any medium have still another virtue. They become in time valuable mementos, recalling to the memory of the parents the days when the little toddlers were around their knees. And the little ones when they, in turn, have become grown-ups will look back to the nursery existence of Arcady, whence they started into life, never to return as boys and girls. The pictures will recall old familiar forms and faces, the games they once played, the songs they sang, and all the fun they once had will be conjured up in the contemplation of a former likeness.

To the outsider, of course, the portrait must have some other merit than merely that of likeness. Nearly all of us love a pretty child, and the picture of some silken-locked girl or eager-eyed boy is always sure of our attention. We are fond of unsophisticated naturalness, of sturdy little faces that reflect the nimble and sunny temperaments underneath. As a subject the child is not quite as popular as the pretty woman. The pretty woman assists herself, she encourages publicity. It is a kind of fame she cannot resist. She is an advertisement for herself as well as her por-

trayer. The child cannot compete with her ability to spread charm about the world.

There is one kind of picture, however, which is superior to others, as it combines the elements both of feminine beauty and of the unaffectedness of childhood. This is the mother-and-child picture. It does not

merely give us the surface of beautiful things, it affects us in a deeper manner. It has a firm grip on our emotions. It is sure to tug at our heart-strings. And its sway in the realm of art has been supreme. The Italian masters devoted the largest part of their lives to its glorification. The world-wide fame of Raphael and Correggio is closely associated with the enormous popularity of the Madonna picture. The tenderness of motherhood has found its mystic expression in art. Times have changed, we have grown more skeptical, but the religious sentiment still clings to the modern Madonna picture. Abbott Thayer and De Forest Brush still worship at the old shrine, and the "great chastity of



"A LITTLE HEIRESS." PHOTOGRAPH BY A. F. BRADLEY

maternity" has found a new expression in the mother-and-child picture of to-day.

And the artistic photograph—which answers better than any other graphic art to the special necessities of a democratic and leveling age like ours—has popularized the mother-and-child picture. It is now within the reach of all. It is one of the most dignified and beautiful ornaments that can grace the walls of a home. It brings to us a personal message, a hint of the poetry of maternal sacrifice, and a glimpse of "all the weird wild wonder-world our wondering child-eyes saw."



Drawn by Edward M. Ashe

"PIERRE STROVE TO KEEP HIS FEET, WHILE HE RAILED BLOWS UPON WARREN'S HEAD
AND NECK WITH ALL HIS FORCE"

("At the Old Carwell Place")

At the Old Caswell Place

By George Charles Selden

Illustrated by Edward M. Ashe



THE low clouds were clinging to the top of Mount Parker, so that, from below, its bald summit seemed to disappear into a hazy sky. Beneath, a broken sea of pine and hemlock swept up into the mist like some gigantic tidal wave. Lower still, a forest of deciduous trees sloped and billowed downward to where the lake lay gleaming.

Just at the lower edge of the timber belt an irregular little plateau, of perhaps forty acres, lay tucked into the side of the mountain. Three-quarters of a century ago some enterprising woodsman, with that dauntless, misguided industry so incomprehensible to-day, had striven manfully to make a farm out of this unpromising material. Fields had been cleared and partially smoothed, surrounded by an awe-inspiring stretch of stone fence, and brought to some degree of productiveness. A "half-house" had been built, to be doubled in length as soon as the owner's means permitted; but evidently that time had never come. An apple orchard had been planted, a family cemetery laid out, a lane constructed to the more distant pasture-land.

The call of the West had long since left the stony little farm untilled. Pasture-land was forest again, and bushes encroached upon the fields. The old apple-trees struggled with a thicket of birches. But the house still stood, weather-beaten and dilapidated. In the cemetery, now hidden among blackberry briars, a slab of slate had been raised "To The Memorie of Dirias Caswell, b. Jan. 13, 1784, d. May 12, 1827"; and the house was known, to whomsoever it was known at all, as "the old Caswell place."

As the sun pierced the morning haze, a wiry little man of thirty-five or forty stepped through the open door of the old house, his

ax over his shoulder, and stood gazing down upon the fair prospect spread out below. Beyond the lake low hills rolled away in different shades of green, with patches of slowly lifting fog nestling here and there among them.

"Goin' t' bu'n awf," he said to the comely young woman who stood behind him in the doorway.

"Yes," she assented indifferently.

"I'm goin' ova on the Hall lot this mo'nin'. Dunno's I c'n hea' the hawn. But I'll be 'round about noon."

"All right," she answered, in the same uninterested monotone. He turned to go down the lane. "Warren," she called suddenly, "hea's somebody comin'."

A man was toiling up the old road, now washed and gullied and rarely used. He carried an ax and a small bundle. He was a tall, muscular young fellow, with curly black hair, and not unpleasant to look upon.

"Hullo," he said, rather breathlessly, smiling on the two standing before the house.

"Hullo," answered Warren non-committally.

"You Meest' Bennett?"

Warren nodded.

"I'm goin' chop for Meest' 'All. 'E say chop wit' you."

"Oh, all right," was the somewhat ungracious reply.

"My nemm is Pierre Buche." He smiled upon Mrs. Bennett, and looked doubtfully but genially at Warren. "Meest' 'All say mebbe you board me."

Warren looked at him deliberately. "How long you goin' t' be hea'?"

"O-o-oh, long time. Mebbe all winter." He smiled again.

"We'll boad ye fer a while, anyway," said Warren cautiously. "Got 'nough dinna fer three of us, Allie?"

"Yes, I guess so, such as 'tis," Mrs. Bennett replied, smiling upon Mr. Buche.

At the Old Caswell Place

"All r-right. I leave dese clo'es." Pierre set his bundle on the entry floor, and strode off with Warren, his athletic figure half a head taller than that of the elder man. Not till they were out of sight did Allie turn into the house to her morning's work.

Pierre dropped easily into the ways of the family. Warren was a silent man, given to dreaming over his pipe before the fire of an evening, yet he seemed to like to listen to the genial chatter of the Frenchman. Allie was more talkative. She asked many questions as Pierre related tales of his travels and adventures, which had been varied, according to his story, and made girlish comments.

"Have you got any brothas an' sistas, up in Canada?" she asked him.

"Ye-a, seven brudder an' t'ree sister. We 'ave de beeg fam'lee, up dere. Can'da, 'e meck you feel so good, you want fill de worl' wit' people, r-right away." He laughed, a bubbling, infectious laugh. Even Warren grinned a little.

"Oh, yes," said Allie, smiling. "Canada's a fine place, but I notice you're willing enough to come down hea' an' wo'k, jest the same."

"Ye-a, I like come down, li'l' w'ile, seem so good git back. If you stay up dere all time, you don' know 'ow good, eet ees."

"I s'pose you have plenty of snow up there?"

"Plen-tee of snow? Say, le' me tell you—You 'ave bear here, sometime?"

"No. There used to be, a long time ago, but not now."

"Up dere we 'ave bear, good many bear. One time, my brudder Jean an' I, we 'unt, on snow-shoe. We see bear-track, an' bymeby we come to ol' she-bear, udder side w'at you call gul-lee. So we stop, an' ol' bear, she come for us. An' we teck aim, an' wait for her. But she come to gul-lee, an' de snow give way, an' down she go, an' we nevaire see 'er 'gin!"

"Oh, come now, Bush, you don't expect us to believe that, do ye?"

"Eet ees so, as I tell you," declared Pierre solemnly.

No Munchausen ever told more entertaining tales of adventure. They were just on that border-line of improbability which leaves the hearer's mind in a pleasing flutter of uncertainty whether to believe, believe in part, or disbelieve entirely. Allie always pretended to think that Pierre's stories were

fictitious; but her eyes brightened and her cheeks flushed as she listened, and there was a childish admiration in her glance. Warren sat silently smoking by the fire, his calm gaze wandering now and then from one to the other.

One Saturday, about a month after Pierre's coming, Warren quit work at three o'clock and set out for the village, five miles away.

"Hev suppa little mite late, Allie," he said as he went. "I'll be home 'fore half-pas' six."

She was sitting on the steps when Pierre came, soon after five. It was October, and the rich reds, browns, and yellows of the forest rolled away below them like some vast, gaudy, wrinkled carpet of the gods. The lake lay purple in the sunset light. Below them not a leaf stirred, but above, an intermittent breeze whispered in the tall pines. All about them was the fragrance of the forest, subtle, insinuating, evanescent.

Pierre threw himself down upon the grass beside the door.

"Ain't you home early?" asked Allie.

"Well, eet ees Sat'day, an' I feel some tire," he answered. "Eet ees 'ard work, dis chop."

"Warren's gone down to the village," said Allie, though Pierre knew that very well.

"Don't you evaire go to de village? You stay 'ome, 'ome always, r-right 'er' all de time."

"Once in a while I go down to visit motha, while the ground's bare. In the winta I can't git anywhere," she answered rather sadly.

Pierre gazed at her sympathetically. "Eet ees bad to be so lonesick," he said.

Allie laughed at the queer word. "Oh, I don't mind it—very much," she said.

Pierre looked away to the line of blue hills on the horizon, contemplatively, dispassionately. "Eet ees too bad. You are so young—an' pretty. You ought to see de worl'. You nevaire go to beeg place—Munch'ter, Boston?"

"No; only to Rochesta, at fair-times."

"Twice I go to Boston. De street full, always full, people an' wagon an' car, all de time like fair. No grass, no tree, onlee 'ouse an' store an' church all in one, long, long as you can see, an' 'igh, like beeg-pine, ten, twenty time as 'igh."

Allie giggled at houses twenty times as

high as the tall pines. "Oh, come, Bush!" she said. "They'd tip ova."

"*Non! non!*" he cried. "Eet ees de trut! Dey are all in one, dey lean on demself."

But her eyes shone as he went on to describe the wonders of Boston—miles and miles of houses as tall as the Washington monument, crowded night and day alike; theaters running the twenty-four hours through, and always packed with people; carriages and horses covered with golden trappings; ladies beautiful beyond imagination, glittering with diamonds from head to foot. Boston was a fairy city as it slowly emerged from his broken English.

At last they were silent. The sun was setting, and patches of dark shadow lay in the hollows of the expanse of tree-tops below, while all the little elevations were gilded into brighter coloring. The fitful breeze had fallen silent, even in the pine-tops.

"You nevaire t'ink to go dere, nevaire?" asked Pierre softly.

"Oh, no. Warren wouldn't go," replied Allie. He turned and looked at her, thoughtfully, smilingly, and she began to blush, without knowing why. She sprang up. "Goodness!" she exclaimed. "It's gittin' da'k. I mus' git suppa. Warren'll be hea' prooty soon."

Occasionally, after that, Pierre would leave his work an hour earlier than Warren, and stroll slowly homeward. Allie and he chatted more freely than at other times, when both felt the constraint of Warren's presence. No word or look of Warren's ever checked their friendliness, but his silence, as he sat reading the weekly paper or smoking by the fire, now and then resting his calm eyes on his wife's face, had a depressing influence. Yet he was pleasant enough, and ready to speak if spoken to.

"Ow come you live up 'ea'?" Pierre asked him one evening.

"We-ell," answered Warren, "ther's alwuz choppin' an' lumberin' goin' on somewhere on the mount'in, an' nobody wanted the ol' house, so I begun t' camp in it. Then I got lonesome, so I hunted me up a wife." He looked at Allie with as near an approach to tenderness as he ever manifested. Pierre looked at her, too, curiously, as if wondering why she had come.

He asked her this a few days later, as he came home and found her gathering apples

in the old orchard, and she did not resent the question.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't know what else to do. Father was poor, an' I'd got to do somethin'. Warren was good to me, an' he's steady an' saves his money. Only it's kind o' lonesome up hea'. I git so tired of it, seems 's if I sh'd die, sometimes."

"Ye-a, eet ees lonesome," agreed Pierre. Then after a minute's silence, "You nevaire been in love, nevaire at all?"

Allie blushed. "Why, yes, of course I love my husband," she said.

"*Mais non!*" cried Pierre, relapsing into French in his sudden energy. "*Non!* Eet ain' love, w'at you say. Eet ees col', not like love. W'en you love, you' 'eart so full, eet like burs' r-right in two. You can' git you' breat', you can' sleep, you feel bad, you can' do nut-tin'. Love! *Non*, eet ees no' love!"

"My! It mus' be awful!" said Allie, laughing tremulously.

"W'en you love like dat, you don' care for nut-tin' no more, only to love," he concluded. They began to pick up apples again. Allie was silent and thoughtful. When the basket was full, she straightened up with a sigh and put her hands on her hips, gazing musingly up at the bleak top of the mountain.

"Did you evva feel such love as that, Pierre?" she asked suddenly. Evidently she used his first name unconsciously.

"Ye-a," he answered, after a pause.

She turned toward him quickly. "Who did you love like that?"

Pierre looked at her for a moment irresolutely; then he caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"Don't!" she said breathlessly, "don't!" Pierre released her and stood watching.

"Eet ees for you I feel such love," he said, "nevaire for anybody but you, nevaire at all."

Allie's lips were quivering, and her eyes shone with unshed tears. "You mustn't evva speak to me again like this, Pierre," she said gently, and they went to the house in silence.

The uneventful weeks passed on, and winter came. The dwellers in the old Caswell house looked out upon a dreary expanse of snow and forest. The summit of Mount Parker lay bleak and white against leaden skies, the chill winds roared through the pines like surf upon a rocky coast, and a

vast thicket of bare, swaying branches sloped down to a white plain that had been the lake. Provisions for winter had been laid in before the snow came, and now only a narrow foot-path led down the mountain to the nearest road, a distance of three miles. Allie had not been away from home since October. Many times every day she would stand gazing out across the white expanse, thinking, thinking, thinking.

Work on the Hall lot was drawing near a close, and Pierre would soon be leaving. The subject had not been mentioned between them. Pierre did not speak of it when Warren sat, more silent and gloomy than ever, by the fireside, and at other times Allie would not listen.

Pierre no longer came home early at night, because of the shorter days, he said; but one day he came in an hour before the usual time. Allie's color rose at sight of him.

"I come early to talk wit' you," he said. She did not reply. "I'm goin' 'way to-morra. I love you, vairy much, all I can. I wan' take care of you alwuz. I wan' take you 'way to see de worl', de beeg worl', wit' me. Won't you go?"

Evidently Allie was not surprised. She went again to the window and looked out across the desolate waste of snow. Pierre stood staring doubtfully at her. She turned and looked in his face long and searchingly.

"Will you promise always to be good to me, and nevva leave me, nevva?" she asked plaintively.

"By de good God, I promise!" exclaimed Pierre. "May 'e strike me dead, if I do! An' some day, we will be marry." Allie said nothing, but turned again to the window.

"You will go?" asked Pierre softly.

"Yes," she answered, almost with a sob. He would have seized her in his arms, but she held him away. "No," she said, "no, not now."

Then Pierre told her how he had planned. He would finish his work the next day at three o'clock, but Warren did not know it. He would come home then, with the plea of weariness, and Allie should be ready to leave with him. They would walk to the village, and from there get conveyance to the station, some ten miles away.

Allie could not meet her husband's eyes that night, but that seemed to make little

difference, as he sat smoking all the evening, scarcely looking up.

The next day, a little before the appointed time, Pierre came breathlessly in. "Come!" he said. "Come queeck! We mus' be queeck, if we go to depot to-night!"

Tremblingly, with now and then a tear, Allie put on her hat and coat and her high overshoes. Pierre's bundle lay ready. She went to her room for a few minutes, came out, gave a last look about the kitchen, and stopped to put a piece of wood in the stove. Then she turned to go with Pierre, who stood tensely waiting with ax and bundle.

At that moment the outside door opened, a step fell in the little entry, and Warren entered the room. He was breathing hard, but very cool.

"Where ye goin'?" he said, in his ordinary voice.

"Down to de village," replied Pierre sharply, his nostrils dilating a little, and his eyes growing keen.

"Where *you* goin'?" Warren said to Allie.

"She goin' wit' me," answered Pierre hotly.

"No, she ain't."

"She goin' wit' me!" Pierre repeated, more emphatically, moving threateningly forward.

Then Warren's voice rose. "You di'ty beast of a Canuck!" he said. "You sneakin' liar! You whelp of a Frenchman, you! Git your carcass out o' hea' 'fore I kick it out!"

For one moment Pierre stood transfixed with astonishment. Then anger, wild and ungovernable, swept through him, the fierce, reasonless rage of the male beast fighting for its right to the female. Like a flash he dropped his bundle, and threw his ax at Warren's head.

Warren dodged, but not quickly enough. The blade of the ax grazed his forehead in passing, cutting an ugly gash over his eye. He sprang at Pierre, blood running down his face, and grasped him around the waist. Then followed a mighty struggle. Pierre, who was half a head taller, strove to keep his feet, while he rained blows upon Warren's head and neck with all his force. At intervals he tried to loosen Warren's viselike clasp, but without success. They staggered heavily from one side of the room to another, smashing the furniture. Pierre was getting breathless and losing his strength, but his

most desperate efforts could not loosen his opponent's grip. At last he threw himself forward upon Warren's shoulders, bearing him down and seeking to force him to the floor. The effort was his undoing. Warren shifted his hold below Pierre's center of gravity. For an instant Pierre dangled helplessly head downward, then they crashed to the floor, Pierre on his back, with Warren, bloody and disheveled, pinning him down.

Allie stood in the doorway, where she had taken refuge, pale and trembling, wide-eyed, looking at her husband with a mixture of fear and new admiration.

"Git me the clo'es-line!" he said sharply. She hastened to obey. He tied Pierre's hands, then his feet, then wound him up helplessly and rolled him against the wall. Pierre lay doggedly silent, his black eyes glistening with fierce hatred.

"There, you French devil!" said Warren, contemplating him. He went to the sink and washed the blood from his face. Allie brought him a cloth, and he bound it about the wound. Noticing Pierre's ax and bundle, he tossed them out into the snow. Then his eye fell on the little bundle that Allie had made up to carry away. He turned and looked at her long and penetratingly. She began to cry softly.

"What ye cryin' 'bout?" he asked.

"I—I don't know," sobbed Allie.

Warren sat down and studied Pierre as he lay bound upon the floor. "You're a fool," he said finally, "a blamed rascal, an' a lyin' sneak, but princip'ly a fool. Don't ye s'pose I seen all the time what you wuz tryin' to do?" Pierre lay grimly silent.

Warren thought again. He looked long at Allie, who was trying to dry her tears. He opened her little bundle, saw what was in it, and tied it up again. Then for a long time he sat silent, his eyes on the floor. At last he rose.

"Well," he said to Allie, "I've changed my mind. Ye c'n go with 'im, if ye want to. But take yer clo'es along; I sha'n't want 'em. Git yer v'lise an' pack it." He took out his jack-knife and cut Pierre's bonds. Pierre stood up, very much astonished, working the lameness out of his wrists. Warren lighted his pipe. Allie did not move.

"Well," said Warren, not unkindly, "go an' git yer v'lise. I want to git this carrion out o' the house."

"I'd like to stay, Warren, if you'll let me," replied Allie tremulously.

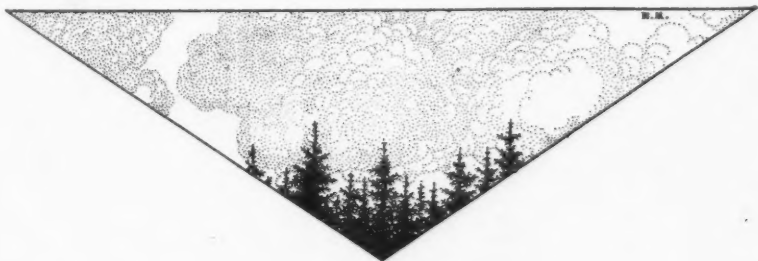
"*Mais non!*" cried Pierre, finding his voice. "Don't live 'ea' in de wood no longer. Come wit' me! We see de worl', you an' me!"

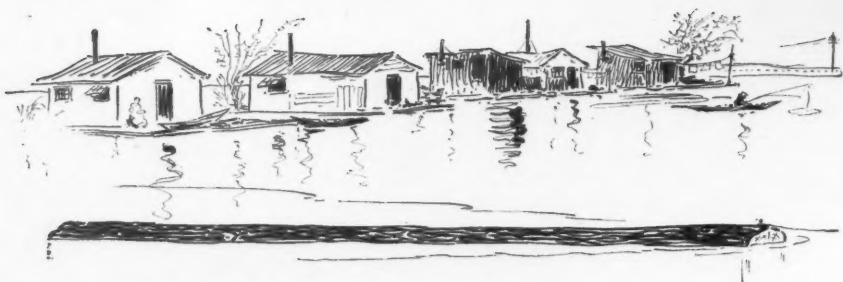
In the play of primitive passions it is the strong that inherit the earth. There the law of the survival of the fittest is emphasized rather than modified by sexual selection. When did the lioness ever follow the beaten lion? Allie looked at her husband with that fear which is akin to love.

"I'd rutha stay hea', if Warren'll let me," she said plaintively.

Warren looked at her consideringly, stroking his chin. Then his gaze fell upon the Frenchman. "You git!" he said shortly, as though surprised to find him still there. Pierre went without a word.

"Well," said Warren after a pause, "we might's well hev suppa."





The Sins of Simon

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs"

Illustrated by Horace Taylor



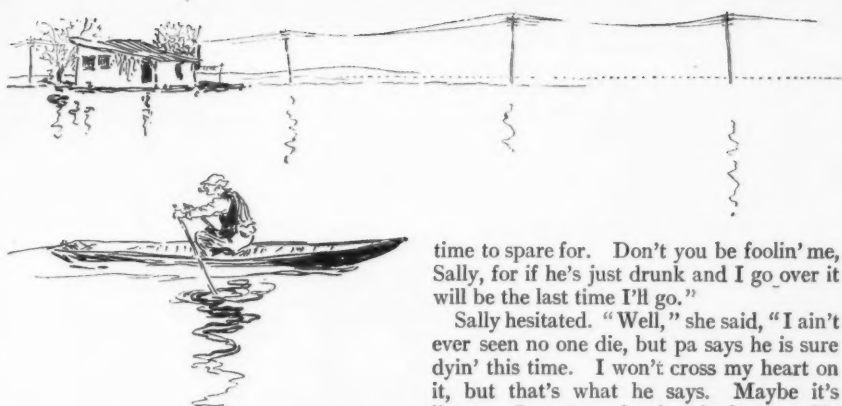
THE Mississippi was "up" — which means that the river was having the usual spring "rise" and that where once a dreary width of parched mud extended for a hundred yards beyond the fringe of sapling willows that lined the railroad embankment there was now a swirl of deep water—and in consequence the row of ten or twelve shanty-boats had moved in and were tied close up to the bank so that only a short plank was needed to form a landing-stage. The shanty-boats congregated a mile or two above town because there the shiftless boatmen were not obliged to pay wharfage, and to paying for anything but whiskey they had an undying aversion because the acquisition of money meant work, and work was contrary to their philosophy of life.

The shanty-boatmen fished a little, both for food and for profit, and at times they added a little to their income by catching a stray log that had broken away from some raft and which they sold to the sawmill at the town below, but altogether they lived a dirty and indolent life and were looked upon with more or less suspicion by the near-by farmers and by the citizens of the town. Much of the suspicion was unjust and undeserved, for few of the shanty-boatmen

were vicious. The worst that could be said of them was that they were lazy and improvident and lived without asserting the inalienable right of every American to pay taxes. But such as their faults were they were permanent. The river had cast its spell over them, and once a river-rat, always a river-rat. They were mostly long, lean, and with bronze faces deeply lined by the weathering of many years. The women were slouchy and unkempt and weary-looking, acquainted with age. The children were many. Everyone went barefoot all summer. It was a community of equal poverty for all and of special privileges for none.

It was June, and hot. Inside the low cabins of the shanty-boats it was stifling, and the women had, as a rule, taken their potatoes to the decks at the shady ends of the boats and sat lolling over the paring of them, preparing dinner. The men were off fishing or up in the cool woods sleeping under the trees, and the children were playing wherever they chose.

As a rule all the doors and windows were open, but one boat had both doors closed, and on the narrower shoreward deck a girl sat with her arms around her knees and her chin buried in them. She was rocking to and fro and looking up at the hill beyond the railroad-track. This was Sal Bang, only daughter of Sime Bang, whose wife had, as he said, "died on him" when Sal was six.



She was fourteen now, and had been cook and mismanager of the shanty-boat for eight years. Sime was inside on his cot-bed, groaning and, as far as indications went, dying a hard death. Sal was waiting to see whether he was really dying or was only drunk, but his groans increased and he called for water. When he called for water Sal felt that he must in fact be dying. She had not believed him when he told her, but the request for water was a symptom she had never met before, and it made her feel that he was actually near death. She went in and gave him a drink and then stood and watched him a while, not knowing what else to do. Then she went out and shut the door and waited another while. The groans increased, and she stepped quickly out of the shade and crossed the sun-hot plank and hurried down the burning track-bed to the next shanty-boat.

Mrs. Rufus Wallers looked up from her pan of potatoes as the girl stopped before her. "What's up, Sal?" she asked. "What ye want to borry?"

The girl seated herself on the edge of the deck and let her brown feet dabble in the water. "I guess pa's dyin'," she said calmly. "I can't make anything else out of it, he is carryin' on so. Just a-groanin' all the time, and he is sure as sick as a dog. I guess maybe you had better go over; I can't seem to ease him none."

"He ain't just drunk, is he?" asked Mrs. Rufe doubtfully. "I'm mortal busy, and if it is just another of his drunks I ain't got time to bother. I been over to help your pa die, and then found it was nothin' but liquor about once more than I have got

time to spare for. Don't you be foolin' me, Sally, for if he's just drunk and I go over it will be the last time I'll go."

Sally hesitated. "Well," she said, "I ain't ever seen no one die, but pa says he is sure dyin' this time. I won't cross my heart on it, but that's what he says. Maybe it's liquor. I won't say but he's had some. He took some fish up to Schultz's yesterday and come back with a jug of white wine——"

"Then don't tell me your pa is dyin'!" said Mrs. Rufe. "I know that white wine that old Schultz makes out of his own vineyard. I had some of it, and my old man he had some, once, and I know how pizen it is. I guess me and the old man had all the symptoms of dyin' too, when we had drunk a couple of glasses of that white wine of Schultz's, but we didn't know. When a pusson's got two glasses of that in him he don't know anything at all. I guess you



"THE REQUEST FOR WATER WAS A SYMPTOM SHE HAD NEVER MET BEFORE"

had better go home and wait a bit, Sally, and see how your pa sizes up in an hour or two."

The girl got up and started home slowly. "All right," she said indolently. "Bein' as we was neighbors I thought you'd like to see him die, if he was goin' to, but if he ain't it don't matter. I guess maybe it was the white wine, if it works that way, 'cause he did down a lot of it. He drunk up the whole jugful."

Mrs. Rufe dropped her knife and stood upright with greater energy than she had given way to in years. "What's that?" she cried. "Your pa drunk a whole jugful of Schultz's home-made white wine? Why didn't you say so long ago, instead of settin' there like a ninny? It's a blessin' if he ain't dead a'ready. That's sure death, that is, to drink that much of Schultz's white wine. I'd sooner be took with smallpox and carbolic acid and cholery and raw pizen than drink *half* that much of Schultz's white wine, I would! You skip home as fast as you can, and I'll be along 'fore you git there!"

The girl did as she was told. She ran lightly along the railroad-ties and crossed the short plank, but at the door of the shanty she paused. Her father was not dead yet, in any event. He was too noisy for any dead man, even one containing too much of Schultz's home-made white wine, and his groans were mingled with words that



SCHULTZ'S

threatened Sally with a good lashing when he got hold of her. She thought it best to wait for Mrs. Rufe Wallers to appear.

Mrs. Wallers was not so light of foot as Sally and as she crossed the plank Sime Bang heard her; and he unconsciously dropped into pure and simple groaning. I suppose we all do the same sort of thing at times. If there is any sympathy due us there is no use driving it away by unnecessary words. A groan is a good enough advertisement of our pain and is a non-committal sort of symptom. If we are really sick it expresses the pain very well, and if we are not as sick as we might be a groan is still a good thing to have handy. A person who bears a lot of pain without groaning is



"'WHAT'S UP, SAL?' SHE ASKED. 'WHAT YE WANT TO BORRY?'"

piling on a lot of useless style and, as like as not, does not get the reputation of being a stoic after all, no matter how much he wants that reputation. A little fresh sympathy goes farther than a great deal of indifference in easing a sufferer, and a good hearty groan is the best sympathy puller. I knew one stoic who went to a dentist. He just wasn't going to be a baby about it, no matter how

much the dentist hurt him, because he was one of the silent sufferers. So the dentist got out his tools and began to operate his tortures, and the first thing he did was to jab a raw nerve. The stoic took a harder grip on the arm of the chair and said nothing. Then the dentist gave the raw nerve a harder jab, and the stoic nearly died with pain but would not show it. The dentist looked surprised, and reached for a more deadly tool, and gave the raw nerve a poke that made the stoic's blood run cold and his hair curl, although it was naturally straight hair, but still the stoic would not utter a sound. Then the dentist did things to that raw nerve that would have made a

whole race of stoics turn pale, and he kept on doing them, and at last the man in the chair uttered one faint little grunt, and at that the dentist stopped prodding and said, "Well, I thought I never would find that nerve." He had expected the stoic to speak up like any other man, you see, and not lie about it by keeping silent. All he wanted to do was to locate the nerve; after that he did not hurt the man at all.

Sime Bang never made that mistake. He let his pain speak up plainly. This was not exaggeration, because in the shanty-boat village everybody did the same, and it was customary to allow a certain percentage for overstatement. You had to add

from anything you said before your statement would be accepted. And you had to deduct it from anything anyone said to you because you knew it was added. If a man said he had caught a ten-pound fish you knew he had caught an eight-pound one, and not a ten-pound one, because if he had caught a ten-pound fish he would have said he had caught a thirteen-pounder, and if he

said he had caught an eight-pounder you knew it was really but a six-pound fish. Once the system was understood it was easy to follow. If Sime Bang, for instance, said he had had a falling out with Rufe Wallers and had "killed the long-legged cuss," you figured off the discount and knew that the two men had had a quarrel and that Sime had hit Rufe over the head with a fish-pole, or that, at least, he had shaken his fist at him.

Mrs. Rufe entered the house-boat and decided that Mr. Bang was a very sick man. He groaned like one, and he looked like one, and, in fact, he was a very uncomfortable man. He was really in great pain, and he thought he



"PA SAYS HE IS SURE DYIN' THIS TIME"

was dying. He told Mrs. Rufe that he was already dead and buried and had a monument on him. He said he felt that way; that it was a big granite monument with "Rest in Peace" on it, and the whole thing set up on his stomach, but upside down, with the pedestal on top and the sharp point of the monument sticking into him. That was apt to be the effect of drinking Schultz's home-made white wine. Mrs. Rufe sent Sally to call the nearest doctor—who happened to be a horse-doctor that lived just at the turn of the road where he had a pasture or two in which he could let sick horses run while he was doctoring them—and herself set about doing what she could to make Sime's last moments easy. The first

of these kindly acts was to go through the shanty-boat's secret places to see if there was anything worth carrying off with her when she went home again. There was not much, but she took what there was and was satisfied, for she had not expected to find much. Then she sat herself down and told Sime it served him right to be in such a fix, for anybody with good sense would know enough to let Schultz's white wine alone. This would have eased Sime considerably, no doubt, if he had been able to hear it, but he was too sick to make out the words if he could have heard them, and he was too busy groaning to hear them.

The doctor came and diagnosed the case correctly, after he had heard the story of the jug of wine. He said Sime had the worst case of colic he had ever seen. He had treated a colt once that had had a case nearly as bad, but not quite. It would have become as bad as Sime's case if the colt had lived, but he gave the colt some medicine and the colt died before it got as badly off as Sime. He said he was going into town the next day, and he would get Sime some of the same medicine. Maybe it might help him some. You never can tell, he said. It might not do him any good, but it would not hurt him any because as like as not he would be dead before next day, anyway. Then he went away.

All that day Sime tossed and rolled and groaned, but at sundown he became a little quieter, which Mrs. Rufe said was a bad sign. As she went home she told Sally that Sime would likely die at three in the morning, or maybe at a quarter after three, and that she would like to stay and see the end, but she felt her ague coming on and had to get home and to bed. She would send Rufe over to sit up with Sime.

Sally ate a bite or two—Mrs. Rufe had

made a dab at getting dinner—and then sat down to wait. She had been up all the previous night while her father had been drinking, for there was no sleep when he was drinking, and she was sleepy. Presently her head dropped forward and she fell fast asleep, and that was how Rufe Wallers found her when he came in.

"Help me gracious!" he exclaimed, "if the poor kid ain't plumb wore out! Plumb wore out watchin' her old dad kick the bucket! Now, that's what I call dog-gone touchin', I do! With him a-dyin' and my old lady a-jawin' I don't wonder the kid is played out, and what in tarnation she will do when he is dead, I don't know. Hire out, likely."

He picked her up and carried her to her cot-bed and laid her on it, and then lighted his pipe and prepared to spend the night. Sime did not need much attention. Rufe bent over him a few minutes and studied him. He seemed to be asleep, but he groaned continually, and it was hard to tell whether

he was asleep or in a stupor. At any rate there was nothing to be done, and Rufe lay down on the floor.

He filled all the space that the two cot-beds and the stove did not occupy. He was a little different from the average shanty-boatman in that he was more cheerful. His optimism was unailing, and his cheerfulness ever present. He was just as lank and brown and ill dressed as all the rest, but he was ever happy, while the other men were chronically discontented and complaining. His thin face was shriveled into a thousand leathery wrinkles and his hair

was sunburned to a musty tan color, but his eyes were still vividly and childishly blue, and seemed to be looking always at a wonder-world. He saw a world that was going to yield him great things next year—always next year.



"THERE WAS NOT MUCH, BUT SHE TOOK WHAT THERE WAS"



"THE DOCTOR DIAGNOSED THE CASE CORRECTLY, AFTER HE HAD HEARD THE STORY OF THE JUG OF WINE"

The things he set his heart on were always to materialize next year, and as next year is always a year from now he was never disappointed in his hopes. To realize his plans—that never worried him a moment. What is realization, anyway, but the ending of the sweets of anticipation, and anticipation is sweeter than realization. Rufe did not even descend to anticipation. He had the still sweeter morsel—planning great plans without actual anticipation of their eventuating in anything tangible. He lived a romance of great imaginings, and so rich was he that he would plan forty great plans in an hour, and forget them as fast as he planned them.

Rufe was no mere dreamer. He did not dream, for example, of falling heir to some unexpected fortune. That sort of thing gave him no pleasure. He was too practical for that. He *planned* things. Laid out all the details, just as he would work them out, and the whole thing was to depend on his own exertion or on his own wit—and then he forgot all about that plan the next minute in thinking up some new and grander plan.

He lay on the floor of Sime's boat and planned. He began by planning Sime's funeral, and forgot that in planning his own,

and forgot that in planning his wife's, and forgot that in planning how to get her a new dress, and forgot that in planning how to get shoes for the children to wear when they went to school next winter, and forgot that in planning their weddings, and forgot that in planning something else, and so on until suddenly Sime sat up in bed.

In a moment Rufe was at his side. All he had to do was to stand up, and there he was! Sime looked at him a minute or two before he recognized him.

"Rufe," he said, "I'm dyin'."

"Well, I guess *that's* so," said Rufe, "but there ain't no use worryin' about it, Sime. I don't see no way to help it, and I guess you won't be no worse off. Nor Sally won't be. We'll look out for Sally, so don't you worry about her none. You just go ahead and die as calm as you please, and don't harrow up your mind none."

Sime scowled. "That's all right for you to say, Rufe," he said thickly. "I could say the same if it was you that was dyin' instead of me. But it ain't you. It's me that's dyin', and I'm dyin' hard. And I ain't fitten to go. No I ain't. If I was I wouldn't kick about goin', but I ain't."

"You lay down and shut up," said Rufe gently. "You don't know what you're



" 'NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL DOG-GONE TOUCHIN' " "

sayin'. If you did you wouldn't say it. You're delirious, that's what you are, Sime, and you're talkin' crazy. And I'll prove it to you, too. Because if you was in your right senses you wouldn't say but what you was as good as the best man on earth. You know you wouldn't. 'Tain't like you. You lay down or I'll push you down."

Sime wept weakly, but he lay down as he was bid. "Can't a man die like he wants to?" he asked peevishly. "Can't I die settin' up just as well as layin' down, I'd like to know? You ain't got no right to boss my dyin', Rufe."

"Yes I have, too," Rufe assured him. "You ain't got anything to say about it. You are out of your head, and you ain't competent to take charge. That's what I'm here for."

"I ain't no more out of my head than you are," moaned Sime. "My head's as clear as a bell, and I know it. I'm weak, and I'm sick—dog sick—and I'm dyin', but I ain't out of my head, and when I say I ain't fitten to die I mean it."

"Well, maybe you ain't," said Rufe. "Of course I don't want to say you are if you ain't, Sime, and maybe I ain't so well competent to say as you are, but you look all

right to me. As near as I can figure, you are as fitten to die as any man I know, and if I was you I would just go ahead and die and not worry any. We ain't none of us perfect. I ain't, and you ain't, but you'll do all right, I guess."

Sime groaned and shook his head. "No I won't," he mourned. "I won't stand no chance at all. I can't go the way I am. I've got a heap of sins a-layin' on my conscience that I ought to get rid of. You can't guess how many, Rufe, because you ain't had no experience that way. I wisht I had somebody handy that I could sort of confess them sins to. I hear tell that helps a man to die easy. I wisht I could try it. I ain't fitten to die the way I am."

"I don't see how we are goin' to get no preacher out here this time of night, help me gracious if I do!" said Rufe regretfully. "I'd do it if I could, Sime, and you know it. I'd do anything I could to see you die satisfied. A man can't die but once, and he'd ought to have the right to die right. That's what I say. You don't reckon it would ease you any to confess what's the matter with you to me, do you, Sime?"

"Rufe," Sime groaned, "I'm a-dyin' fast, I am, and my conscience it hurts me

'most as bad as my stomach does. I've got to relieve my mind to somebody."

He lay back and the tears ran down his face. Rufe bent over him and smoothed his brow, and after a moment's hesitation, took his hand.

"Go on, Sime," he urged. "Spit it out. Tell me what's on your mind. I ain't what a preacher would be, but I'm the best that's handy."

The sick man lay silent for a minute or two, and then he spoke. "I ain't got no chance!" he said weakly. "I've been a bad one all my life, and it will count agin me. But I do feel that it will ease me to speak out, Rufe. I-I-I've always been a hard cusser——"

"Now, *that* ain't goin' to be held up agin you, Sime," Rufe assured him. "I don't know anybody that don't cuss a bit off and on. I do, myself. I guess when it comes to cussin' I cuss twice to your once. Don't let that worry you, poor sufferer."

"And I ain't always told the truth——" began Sime, but Rufe interrupted him.

"Who ever did?" he asked. "And when it comes to lyin' you ain't to be compared with me. Just you make your mind easy about that lyin' business, Sime. Don't let that disturb your peace of mind. If you had ever learned to lie like I do then you might talk,

but beside me you ain't no more than a baby at it."

Sime groaned. "There's worse than that," he said. "I ain't been honest. I've stole. I stole a chicken not no more than a week ago——"

"Now, hold up!" exclaimed Rufe. "That's nothin'! Everybody slips up that way now and agin. We all do. A chicken! Why, I stole *two* of them just last night. And ducks—I can't tell you how many ducks and geese I have stole! Hardly a day goes by that I don't steal some. I'm always on the steal, appears to me. That ain't no sin worth talkin' about. Ain't you ever done no worse than that?"

"Yes, I have!" declared Sime, shaking his head woefully. "I run off with a man's wife, and my own lawful wife a-livin'. That's what I done once, Rufe."

"Once!" said Rufe cheerfully. "Once! And you talk about bein' wicked! I just wisht I could say that once was all I ever run off with a man's wife, and that one was all the wife I had livin' at the time! Why, Sime, there was never in the world a feller like me for the ladies! Dozens don't cover the number of times I've run off with poor trustin' wives. Hundreds of times would come nearer to it. I had that sort of a way with me that they couldn't withstand, and



"YOU AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT TO BOSS MY DYIN', RUFEE!"

The Love-Child

that's a fact. I never could see a wife that I didn't run off with her, and there was never a wife see me that she didn't want to run off with me. I was a Don Jew-ann, all right. So don't you worry about one little run-off. That's nothin', and if that's all——"

The sick man moved uneasily on his cot-bed. "You do think you're a lot, don't you?" he growled. "Well, I stabbed a man once. Stabbed him, that's what I did, and I meant to kill him, too——"

"Meant to!" said Rufe scornfully. "And didn't you? But maybe he run away. I remember that one of the men I tried to kill run away so fast that I couldn't catch him, though I must say it didn't do him any good, for I had him shot so full of lead that when he come to the river and tried to swim it he sunk like a couplin'-pin, and was drowned. But I don't count that one of my murders. I never did count *him*. But it wasn't really necessary to count him, I had so many others. Forty-seven, that's the number in my private buryin'-grounds—forty-seven. And you talk about *meanin'* to kill *one*! Sime, I'm ashamed of you! You ain't done enough to be counted a real man, and that's a fact."

Sime raised himself up in bed. "Lookee here, Rufe," he said angrily, "I let you hang around here to hear me confess my sins, and not to brag about what *you've* done! I ain't goin' to stand it! I don't say but you've a good enough right to do all them things you say, and I don't say but what you've done them, but it ain't you that's a-dyin'—it's me, and it's my time to talk and not yours. You shut up and don't be makin' little of me. I

guess I can tell some things that would make all the things you say look like nothin'. You don't think I'd go and confess *all* I've done, do you? Not to you. I would to a preacher, but not to you. I'd tell a preacher all about the eighty or ninety men I've killed in cold blood, and I'd make your little forty-seven look so sick——"

"I said forty-seven, did I?" asked Rufe. "Well, maybe I did. I don't recollect what I said. I spoke offhand, not wantin' to make the one poor little assault you mentioned look too pitiful, lest it might rile you, but since you want the truth, Sime, I'll own up that murder has been my leadin' occupation and amusement ever since I was old enough to walk. Forty-seven, did I say? That figger sort of come out natural because it was the number of men I killed one afternoon that was in my mind. That was my top record for one afternoon, Sime. I might have made it bigger, but I didn't start in killin' until two o'clock——"

The sick man reached over and seized Rufe by the hair. It seemed as if the two would soon be in the midst of a bloody battle, but Sime merely gave the hair one twist and then released it, and Rufe got up and rubbed his head slowly.

"Well," he said, "I guess the old woman will be lookin' for me about now. I guess if there ain't nothin' else I can do for you, Sime, I'll move along home."

"Well, so-long, Rufe," said Sime. "Step kind of light as you go out so as not to wake Sally. She didn't get much sleep last night."

The Love-Child

By Clarence Urmey

THE Woman-Soul unto the Woman-Body spoke:
"What is it that you bear beneath that heavy cloak?"

"Alas, I know not, Angel-Life or Demon-Death,
It hath—it hath—it hath not yet drawn mortal breath!"

The Woman-Soul unto the Woman-Body leaned:
"And would you learn if it be Spirit fair or Fiend?"

"Ah, no, I do not pray to be unduly wise;
I only pray that it may bear his smile, his eyes!"

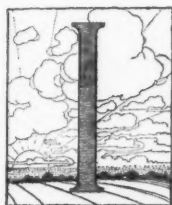
"Pinched"

A Prison Experience

By Jack London

Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In these chapters of "My Life in the Underworld," Mr. London gives an accurate and graphic account of his exciting life as a tramp when a youth of eighteen.



I RODE into Niagara Falls in a "side-door Pullman," or, in common parlance, a box-car. A flat car, by the way, is known among the fraternity as a "gondola," with the second syllable emphasized and pronounced long. But to return. I arrived in the afternoon and headed straight from the freight-train to the falls. Once my eyes were filled with that wonderful vision of downrushing water, I was lost. I could not tear myself away long enough to "batter" the "privates" (domiciles) for my supper. Even a set-down could not have lured me away. Night came on, a beautiful night of moonlight, and I lingered by the falls until after eleven. Then it was up to me to hunt for a place to "kip."

"Kip," "doss," "flop," "pound your ear," all mean the same thing, namely, to sleep. Somehow I had a "hunch" that Niagara Falls was a "bad" town for hoboos, and I headed out into the country. I climbed a fence and "flopped" in a field. John Law would never find me there, I flattered myself. I lay on my back in the grass and slept like a babe. It was so balmy warm that I woke up not once all night. But with the first gray daylight my eyes opened, and I remembered the wonderful falls. I climbed the fence and started down the road to have another look at them. It was early—not more than five o'clock—and not until eight o'clock could I begin to batter for my breakfast. I could spend at least three hours by the river. Alas! I was fated never to see the river nor the falls again.

The town was asleep when I entered it. As I came along the quiet street, I saw three men coming toward me along the sidewalk. They were walking abreast. Hoboes, I decided, who, like myself, had got up early. In this surmise I was not quite correct. I was only sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. correct. The men on each side were hoboos all right, but the man in the middle wasn't. I directed my steps to the edge of the sidewalk in order to let the trio go by. But it didn't go by. At some word from the man in the center, all three halted, and he of the center addressed me.

I piped the lay on the instant. He was a "fly-cop," and the two hoboos were his prisoners. John Law was up and out after the early worm. I was a worm. Had I been richer by the experiences that were to befall me in the next several months, I should have turned and run like the very devil. He might have shot at me, but he'd have had to hit me to get me. He'd never have run after me, for two hoboos in the hand are worth more than one on the get-away. But like a dummy I stood still when he halted me. Our conversation was brief.

"What hotel are you stopping at?" he queried.

He had me. I wasn't stopping at any hotel, and, since I did not know the name of a hotel in the place, I could not claim residence in any of them. Also, I was up too early in the morning. Everything was against me.

"I just arrived," I said.

"Well, you turn around and walk in front of me, and not too far in front. There's somebody wants to see you."

I was "pinched." I knew who wanted

to see me. With that "fly-cop" and the two hoboos at my heels, and under the direction of the former, I led the way to the city jail. There we were searched and our names registered. I have forgotten now under which name I was registered. I gave the name of Jack Drake, but when they searched me they found letters addressed to Jack London. This caused trouble and required explanation, all of which has passed from my mind, and to this day I do not know whether I was pinched as Jack Drake or Jack London. But one or the other, it should be there to-day in the prison register of Niagara Falls. Reference can bring it to light. The time was somewhere in the latter part of June, 1894. It was only a few days after my arrest that the great railroad strike began.

From the office we were led to the "Hobo" and locked in. The "Hobo" is that part of a prison where the minor offenders are confined together in a large iron cage. Since hoboos constitute the principal division of the minor offenders, the aforesaid iron cage is called the "Hobo." Here we met several hoboos who had been pinched already that morning, and every little while the door was unlocked and two or three more were thrust in with us. At last, when we totaled sixteen, we were led upstairs into the court-room. And now I shall faithfully describe what took place in that court-room, for know that my patriotic American citizenship there received a shock from which it has never fully recovered.

In the court-room were the sixteen prisoners, the judge, and two bailiffs. The judge seemed to act as his own clerk. There were no witnesses. There were no citizens of Niagara Falls present to look on and see how justice was administered in their community. The judge glanced at the list of cases before him and called out a name. A hobo stood up. The judge glanced at a bailiff. "Vagrancy, your honor," said the bailiff. "Thirty days," said his honor. The hobo sat down, and the judge was calling another name and another hobo was rising to his feet.

The trial of that hobo had taken just about fifteen seconds. The trial of the next hobo came off with equal celerity. The bailiff said, "Vagrancy, your honor," and his honor said, "Thirty days." Thus it went like clockwork, fifteen seconds to a hobo—and thirty days.

They are poor dumb cattle, I thought to myself. But wait till my turn comes; I'll give his honor a "spiel." Part way along in the performance his honor, moved by some whim, gave one of us an opportunity to speak. As chance would have it, this man was not a genuine hobo. He bore none of the earmarks of the professional "stiff." Had he approached the rest of us, while waiting at a water-tank for a freight, we should have unhesitatingly classified him as a gay-cat. "Gay-cat" is the synonym for tenderfoot in Hoboland. This gay-cat was well along in years—somewhere around forty-five, I should judge. His shoulders were humped a trifle, and his face was seamed and weather-beaten.

For many years, according to his story, he had driven team for some firm in (if I remember rightly) Lockport, New York. The firm had ceased to prosper, and finally, in the hard times of 1893, had gone out of business. He had been kept on to the last, though toward the last his work had been very irregular. He went on and explained at length his difficulties in getting work (when so many were out of work) during the succeeding months. In the end, deciding that he would find better opportunities for work on the lakes, he had started for Buffalo. Of course he was "broke," and there he was. That was all.

"Thirty days," said his honor, and called another hobo's name.

Said hobo got up. "Vagrancy, your honor," said the bailiff, and his honor said, "Thirty days."

And so it went, fifteen seconds and thirty days to each hobo. The machine of justice was grinding smoothly. Most likely, considering how early it was in the morning, his honor had not yet had his breakfast and was in a hurry.

But my American blood was up. Behind me were the many generations of my American ancestry. One of the kinds of liberty those ancestors of mine had fought and died for was the right of trial by jury. This was my heritage, stained sacred by their blood, and it devolved upon me to stand up for it. All right, I threatened to myself; just wait till he gets to me.

He got to me. My name, whatever it was, was called, and I stood up. The bailiff said, "Vagrancy, your honor," and I began to talk. But the judge began talking at the

same time, and he said, "Thirty days." I started to protest, but at that moment his honor was calling the name of the next hobo on the list. His honor paused long enough to say to me, "Shut up!" The bailiff forced me to sit down. And the next moment that next hobo had received thirty days, and the succeeding hobo was just in process of getting his.

When we had all been disposed of, thirty days to each stiff, his honor, just as he was about to dismiss us, suddenly turned to the teamster from Lockport, the one man he had allowed to talk.

"Why did you quit your job?" his honor asked.

Now the teamster had already explained how his job had quit him, and the question took him aback. "Your honor," he began confusedly, "isn't that a funny question to ask?"

"Thirty days more for quitting your job," said his honor, and the court was closed. That was the outcome. The teamster got sixty days altogether, while the rest of us got thirty days.

We were taken down below, locked up, and given breakfast. It was a pretty good breakfast, as prison breakfasts go, and it was the best I was to get for a month to come.

As for me, I was dazed. Here was I, under sentence, after a farce of a trial wherein I was denied not only my right of trial by jury, but my right to plead guilty or not guilty. Another thing my fathers had fought for flashed through my brain—habeas corpus. I'd show them. But when I asked for a lawyer, I was laughed at. Habeas corpus was all right, but of what good was it to me when I could communicate with no one outside the jail? But I'd show them. They couldn't keep me in jail forever. Just wait till I got out, that was all. I'd make them sit up. I knew something about the law and my own rights, and I'd expose their maladministration of justice. Visions of damage suits and sensational newspaper head-lines were dancing before my eyes, when the jailers came in and began hustling us out into the main office.

A policeman snapped a handcuff on my right wrist. (Aha! thought I, a new indignity. Just wait till I get out.) On the left wrist of a negro he snapped the other handcuff of that pair. He was a very tall negro, well past six feet—so tall was he that when we stood side by side his hand lifted mine

up a trifle in the manacles. Also, he was the happiest and the raggedest negro I have ever seen.

We were all handcuffed similarly, in pairs. This accomplished, a bright, nickel-steel chain was brought forth, run down through the links of all the handcuffs, and locked at front and rear of the double line. We were now a chain-gang. The command to march was given, and out we went upon the street, guarded by two officers. The tall negro and I had the place of honor. We led the procession.

After the tomb-like gloom of the jail, the outside sunshine was dazzling. I had never known it to be so sweet as now when, a prisoner with clanking chains, I knew that I was soon to see the last of it for thirty days. Down through the streets of Niagara Falls we marched to the railroad station, stared at by curious passers-by and, especially, by a group of tourists on the veranda of a hotel that we marched past.

There was plenty of slack in the chain, and with much rattling and clanking we sat down, two and two, in the seats of the smoking-car. Afire with indignation as I was at the outrage that had been perpetrated on me and my forefathers, I was nevertheless too prosaically practical to lose my head over it. This was all new to me. Thirty days of mystery were before me, and I looked about me to find somebody who knew the ropes. For I had already learned that I was not bound for a petty jail with a hundred or so prisoners in it, but for a full-grown penitentiary with a couple of thousand prisoners in it doing anywhere from ten days to ten years.

In the seat behind me, attached to the chain by his wrist, was a squat, heavily built, powerfully muscled man. He was somewhere between thirty-five and forty years of age. I sized him up. In the corners of his eyes I saw humor and laughter and kindness. As for the rest of him, he was a brute beast, wholly unmoral, and with all the passion and turgid violence of the brute beast. What saved him, what made him possible for me, were those corners of his eyes—the humor and laughter and kindness of the beast when unaroused.

He was my "meat." I cottoned to him. While my cuff-mate, the tall negro, mourned with chucklings and laughter over some laundry he was sure to lose through his arrest, and while the train rolled on toward

Buffalo, I talked with the man in the seat behind me. He had an empty pipe. I filled it for him with my precious cigarette tobacco—enough in a single filling to make a dozen cigarettes. Nay, the more we talked the surer I was that he was my meat, and I divided all my tobacco with him.

Now it happens that I am a fluid sort of organism, with sufficient kinship with life to fit myself in 'most anywhere. I laid myself out to fit in with that man, though little did I dream to what extraordinary good purpose I was succeeding. He had never been in the particular penitentiary to which we were going, but he had done "one," "two," and "five spots" in various other penitentiaries (a "spot" is a year), and he was filled with wisdom. We became pretty chummy, and my heart bounded when he cautioned me to follow his lead. He called me "Jack," and I called him "Jack."

The train stopped at a station about five miles from Buffalo, and we, the chain-gang, got off. I do not remember the name of the station, but I am confident that it is some one of the following: Rocklyn, Rockwood, Black Rock, Rockcastle, or Newcastle. But whatever the name of the place, we were walked a short distance and then put on a street-car. It was an old-fashioned car, with a seat, running the full length, on each side. All the passengers who sat on one side were asked to move over to the other side, and we, with a great clanking of chain, took their places. We sat facing them, I remember, and I remember, too, the awed expression on the faces of the women, who took us, undoubtedly, for convicted murderers and bank-robbers. I tried to look my fiercest, but that cuff-mate of mine, the too happy negro, insisted on rolling his eyes, laughing, and reiterating, "Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy!"

We left the car, walked some more, and were led into the office of the Erie County penitentiary. Here we were to register, and on that register one or the other of my names will be found. Also, we were informed that we must leave in the office all our valuables, money, tobacco, matches, pocket-knives, and so forth.

My new pal shook his head at me.

"If you do not leave your things here, they will be confiscated inside," warned the official.

Still my pal shook his head. He was busy with his hands, hiding his movements

behind the other fellows. (Our handcuffs had been removed.) I watched him and followed suit, wrapping up in a bundle in my handkerchief all the things I wanted to take in. These bundles the two of us thrust into our shirts. I noticed that our fellow-prisoners, with the exception of one or two who had watches, did not turn over their belongings to the man in the office. They were determined to smuggle them in somehow, trusting to luck; but they were not so wise as my pal, for they did not wrap their things in bundles.

Our erstwhile guardians gathered up the handcuffs and chain and departed for Niagara Falls, while we, under new guardians, were led away into the prison. While we were in the office our number had been added to by other squads of newly arrived prisoners, so that we were now a procession forty or fifty strong.

Know, ye unimprisoned, that traffic is as restricted inside a large prison as commerce was in the Middle Ages. Once inside a penitentiary, one cannot move about at will. Every few steps are encountered great steel doors or gates which are always kept locked. We were bound for the barber-shop, but we encountered delays in the unlocking of doors for us. We were thus delayed in the first hall we entered. A "hall" is not a corridor. Imagine an oblong structure, built of bricks and rising six stories high, each story a row of cells, say fifty cells in a row—in short, imagine an oblong of colossal honeycomb. Place this on the ground and enclose it in a building with a roof overhead and walls all around. Such an oblong and encompassing building constitute a "hall" in the Erie County penitentiary. Also, to complete the picture, see a narrow gallery, with steel railing, running the full length of each tier of cells, and at the ends of the oblong see all these galleries, from both sides, connected by a fire-escape system of narrow steel stairways.

We were halted in the first hall, waiting for some guard to unlock a door. Here and there, moving about, were convicts, with close-cropped heads and shaven faces, and garbed in prison stripes. One such convict I noticed above us on the gallery of the third tier of cells. He was standing on the gallery and leaning forward, his arms resting on the railing, apparently oblivious of our presence. He seemed staring into vacancy. My pal made a slight hissing noise. The



Drawn by Hermann C. Wall

"DOWN THE STREETS OF NIAGARA FALLS WE MARCHED STARED AT BY CURIOUS PASSERS-
BY AND, ESPECIALLY, BY A GROUP OF TOURISTS ON THE VERANDA OF A HOTEL"

convict glanced down. Motioned signals passed between them. Then through the air soared the handkerchief bundle of my pal. The convict caught it, and like a flash it was out of sight in his shirt, and he was staring into vacancy. My pal had told me to follow his lead. I watched my chance when the guard's back was turned, and my bundle followed the other one into the shirt of the convict.

A minute later the door was unlocked, and we filed into the barber-shop. Here were more men in convict stripes. They were prison barbers. Also, there were bath-tubs, hot water, soap, and scrubbing-brushes. We were ordered to strip and bathe, each man to scrub his neighbor's back—a needless precaution, this compulsory bath, for the prison swarmed with vermin. After the bath, we were each given a canvas clothes-bag.

"Put all your clothes in the bags," said the guard. "It's no good trying to smuggle anything in. You've got to line up naked for inspection. Men for thirty days or less keep their shoes and suspenders. Men for more than thirty days keep nothing."

This announcement was received with consternation. How could naked men smuggle anything past an inspection? Only my pal and I were safe. But it was right here that the convict barbers got in their work. They passed among the poor newcomers, kindly volunteering to take charge of their precious little belongings, and promising to return them later in the day. Those barbers were philanthropists—to hear them talk. As in the case of Fra Lippo Lippi, there was prompt disembodying. Matches, tobacco, rice-paper, pipes, knives, money, everything, flowed into the capacious shirts of the barbers. They fairly bulged with the spoil, and the guards made believe not to see. To cut the story short, nothing was ever returned. The barbers never had any intention of returning what they had taken. They considered it legitimately theirs. It was the barber-shop graft. There were many grafts in that prison, as I was to learn, and I, too, was destined to become a grafter—thanks to my new pal.

There were several chairs, and the barbers worked rapidly. The quickest shaves and hair-cuts I have ever seen were given in that shop. The men lathered themselves, and the barbers shaved them at the rate of a man a minute. A hair-cut took a trifle longer. In three minutes the down of

eighteen was scraped from my face and my head was as smooth as a billiard-ball just sprouting a crop of bristles. Beards, mustaches, like our clothes and everything, came off. Take my word for it, we were a villainous-looking gang when they got through with us. I had not realized before how really altogether bad we were.

Then came the line-up, forty or fifty of us, naked as Kipling's heroes who stormed Lungtungpen. To search us was easy. There were only our shoes and ourselves. Two or three rash spirits, who had doubted the barbers, had the goods found on them—which goods, namely, tobacco, pipes, matches, and small change, were quickly confiscated. This over, our new clothes were brought to us—stout prison shirts, and coats and trousers conspicuously striped. I had always lingered under the impression that the convict stripes were put on a man only after he had been convicted of a felony. I lingered no longer, but put on the insignia of shame and got my first taste of marching the lock-step.

In single file, close together, each man's hands on the shoulders of the man in front, we marched on into another large hall. Here we were ranged up against the wall in a long line and ordered to strip our left arms. A youth, a medical student who was getting in his practice on cattle such as we, came down the line. He vaccinated just about four times as rapidly as the barbers shaved. With a final caution to avoid rubbing our arms against anything, we were led away to our cells.

In my cell was another man who was to be my cell-mate. He was a young, manly fellow, not talkative, but very capable, indeed as splendid a fellow as one could meet with in a day's ride, and this in spite of the fact that he had just recently finished a two-year term in some Ohio penitentiary.

Hardly had we been in our cell half an hour when a convict sauntered down the gallery and looked in. It was my pal. He had the freedom of the hall, he explained. He was to be unlocked at six in the morning and not locked up again till nine at night. He was in with the "push" in that hall, and had been promptly appointed a trusty of the kind technically known as "hall-man." The man who had appointed him was also a prisoner and a trusty, and was known as "first hall-man." There were thirteen hall-men in that hall. Ten of them had charge

each of a gallery of cells, and over them were the first, second, and third hall-men.

We newcomers were to stay in our cells for the rest of the day, my pal informed me, so that the vaccine would have a chance to take. Then next morning we would be put to hard labor in the prison-yard.

"But I'll get you out of the work as soon as I can," he promised. "I'll get one of the hall-men fired and have you put in his place."

He put his hand into his shirt, drew out the handkerchief containing my precious belongings, passed it in to me through the bars, and went on down the gallery.

I opened the bundle. Everything was there. Not even a match was missing. I shared the makings of a cigarette with my cell-mate. When I started to strike a match for a light, he stopped me. A flimsy, dirty comforter lay in each of our bunks for bedding. He tore off a narrow strip of the thin cloth and rolled it tightly and telescopically into a long and slender cylinder. This he lighted with a precious match. The cylinder of tight-rolled cotton cloth did not flame. On the end a coal of fire slowly smoldered. It would last for hours, and my cell-mate called it a "punk." When it burned short, all that was necessary was to make a new punk, put the end of it against the old, blow on them, and so transfer the glowing coal. Why, we could have given Prometheus pointers on the conserving of fire.

At twelve o'clock dinner was served. At the bottom of our cage-door was a small opening like the entrance of a runway in a chicken-yard. Through this were thrust two hunks of dry bread and two pannikins of "soup." A portion of soup consisted of about a quart of hot water with a lonely drop of grease floating on its surface. Also, there was some salt in that water.

We drank the soup, but we did not eat the bread. Not that we were not hungry, and not that the bread was uneatable. It was fairly good bread. But we had reasons. My cell-mate had discovered that our cell was alive with bedbugs. In all the cracks and interstices between the bricks where the mortar had fallen out great colonies flourished. The natives even ventured out in the broad daylight and swarmed over the walls and ceilings by hundreds. My cell-mate was wise in the ways of the beasts. Like Childe Roland, dauntless the slug-horn to his lips he bore. Never was there such a battle. It

lasted for hours. It was a shambles. And when the last survivors fled to their brick-and-mortar fastnesses, our work was only half done. We chewed mouthfuls of our bread until it was reduced to the consistency of putty, and when a fleeing belligerent escaped into a crevice between the bricks, we promptly walled him in with a daub of the chewed bread. We toiled on until the light grew dim and until every hole, nook, and cranny was closed. I shudder to think of the tragedies of starvation and cannibalism that must have ensued behind those bread-plastered ramparts.

We threw ourselves on our bunks, tired out and hungry, to wait for supper. It was a good day's work well done. In the weeks to come we at least should not suffer from the hosts of vermin. We had foregone our dinner, saved our hides at the expense of our stomachs; but we were content. Alas for the futility of human effort! Scarcely was our long task completed when a guard unlocked our door. A redistribution of prisoners was being made, and we were taken to another cell and locked in two galleries higher up.

Early next morning our cells were unlocked, and down in the hall the several hundred prisoners of us formed the lock-step and marched out into the prison-yard to go to work. The Erie Canal runs right by the back yard of the Erie County penitentiary. Our task was to unload canal-boats, carrying huge stay-bolts on our shoulders, like railroad ties, into the prison. As I worked I sized up the situation and studied the chances for a get-away. There wasn't the ghost of a show. Along the tops of the walls marched guards armed with repeating rifles, and I was told, furthermore, that there were machine-guns in the sentry-towers.

I did not worry. Thirty days were not so long. I'd stay those thirty days, and add to the store of material I intended to use, when I got out, against the harpies of justice. I'd show what an American boy could do when his rights and privileges had been trampled on the way mine had. I had been denied my right of trial by jury. I had been denied my right to plead guilty or not guilty; I had been denied a trial even (for I couldn't consider that what I had received at Niagara Falls was a trial); I had not been allowed to communicate with a lawyer or anyone, and hence had been denied my

right of suing for a writ of habeas corpus; my face had been shaved, my hair cropped close, convict stripes had been put upon my body; I was forced to toil hard on a diet of bread and water and to march the shameful lock-step with armed guards over me—and all for what? What had I done? What crime had I committed against the good citizens of Niagara Falls that all this vengeance should be wreaked upon me? I had not even violated their “sleeping-out” ordinance. I had slept in the country, outside their jurisdiction, that night. I had not even begged for a meal, or battered for a “light-piece” on their streets. All that I had done was to walk along their sidewalk and gaze at their picayune waterfall. And what crime was there in that? Technically I was guilty of no misdemeanor. All right, I’d show them when I got out.

The next day I talked with a guard. I wanted to send for a lawyer. The guard laughed at me. So did the other guards. I really was *incommunicado* so far as the outside world was concerned. I tried to write a letter out, but I learned that all letters were read and censored or confiscated by the prison authorities, and that “short-timers” were not allowed to write letters, anyway. A little later I tried smuggling letters out by men who were released, but I learned that they were searched and the letters found and destroyed. Never mind. It all helped to make it a blacker case when I did get out.

But as the prison days went by (which I shall describe in the next chapter), I “learned a few.” I heard tales of the police, and police courts, and lawyers, that were unbelievable and monstrous. Men, prisoners, told me of personal experiences with the police of great cities that were awful. And more awful were the hearsay tales they told me concerning men who had died at the hands of the police and who therefore could not testify for themselves. Years afterward, in the report of the Lexow Committee, I was to read tales true and more awful than those told to me. But in the meantime, during the first days of my imprisonment, I scoffed at what I heard.

As the days went by, however, I began to be convinced. I saw with my own eyes, there in that prison, things unbelievable and monstrous. And the more convinced I became, the profounder grew the respect in me for the sleuth-hounds of the law and for the whole institution of criminal justice. My indignation ebbed away, and into my being rushed the tides of fear. I saw at last, clear-eyed, what I was up against. I grew meek and lowly. Each day I resolved more emphatically to make no rumpus when I got out. All I asked, when I got out, was a chance to fade away from the landscape. And that was just what I did do when I was released. I kept my tongue between my teeth, walked softly, and sneaked for Pennsylvania, a wiser and a humbler man.

The fourth instalment of “*My Life in the Underworld*” will appear in the August issue.

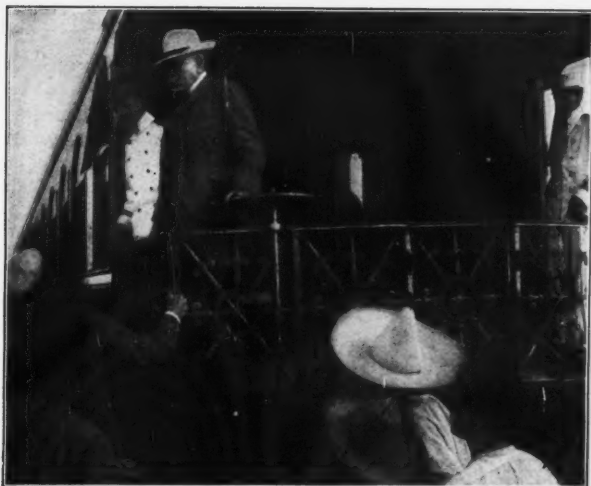


Heroes

By Hilton R. Greer

ONE dared to die. In a swift moment's space,
Fell in War's forefront, laughter on his face.
Bronze tells his fame in many a market-place.

Another dared to live. The long years through,
Felt his slow heart's blood ooze, like crimson dew,
For Duty's sake, and smiled. And no one knew.



PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO, ON HIS PRIVATE CAR



The Seven Kings in Mexico

A Profitable Tale from Recent Railroad History

By Charles Edward Russell



THAT old mountebank and tinsel charlatan, Napoleon the Third, Napoleon the Little, Napoleon the hero of shabby exploits and reactionary dreams, wrought in his lurid day infinite evil and, unconsciously and unintentionally, some fragments of good. He set up the Mexican empire and for the time being crushed the republic. But when, freed from the distractions of our civil war, we had chased him from the scene of his pet folly, and his little empire had fallen, let us give thanks, on his own head, the surge of reawakened patriotism made Mexico a nation and started it upon the road to greatness—as surely as we were pointed thither when we broke from the mold and fustian of monarchy.

One other good thing was wrought by the short-lived French occupation. It established in Mexico some of the best institutions of French laws, and one of them was

the French idea of controlling corporations instead of being controlled by them, an excellent device, and one that ought to have keen interest for us—by way of contrast.

For instance, railroads.

Here is a curious matter. If a man having broken his leg should refuse the services of a surgeon and insist upon treating his hurt with Mother Smith's Soothing Salve, we should not think much of that man's intelligence; but a course that in our personal affairs we should deem foolish we are quite content to follow in the affairs of the nation. Being afflicted with the dangerous power, the lawlessness, arrogance, and dishonesty of great railroad corporations, we are willing to ignore the cause of the trouble and to busy ourselves in dosing the symptoms—with flabby rate bills, infantile inspection bills, and boneless public utility bills.

This seems strange, but it is not half so strange as something else. Nearly all other nations have made thorough tests of all these nostrums and having proved by experience that they are worse than useless

The Seven Kings in Mexico

have thrown them away. At the tail of the procession come we, painfully and laboriously resurrecting from the world's rubbish heap the discarded bottles, and with much *éclat* we apply the old remedies.

Meanwhile wasting good and precious time, as we should know by our own experience. Twenty-one years ago, after eight years of agitation, we set out with an interstate-commerce law to "regulate" our railroad troubles. It took us twenty years to become convinced that this law was not worth the paper it was written on, that while we were fooling with it the robberies continued, protected by the very law that pretended to suppress them. Whereupon we betook ourselves anew to the old problem and attacked it with another interstate-commerce law just as invertebrate and jellied as the first. We have made faces at the corporation in politics, shaken our fists at the insurance exploiters, told the railroad companies to be good, used incantations on the traction thieves, muttered spells against the gas monopolies, and gone into a trance against the diseased-meat swindlers. Now in our hearts we begin to feel that none of these things is of the least avail, while with our voices we cry aloud against the surgeon and for further experiments with incantations, making faces, and muttering spells.

In other countries when they have demonstrated that a quack remedy is worthless they know it is worthless. Enough for them is enough. Then they try something else.

This has been the record in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Japan, as these nations have dealt with their railroad problems. Very lately there has been the same kind of demonstration in Mexico. The other cases are well known; very little has been said about Mexico. I commend it to the attention of all those that still think spell-muttering is the thing.

Mexico once went infinitely farther in the way of railroad regulation than we have ever dreamed of going, and the Mexican railroad regulations were regarded by high authority as the most perfect that had ever been framed by man. In fifty or sixty years, at the present rate of progress, we may reach a state of "regulation" as radical and severe as that Mexico has now abandoned; and since we have elected to follow this road we might well see whither it has led in the experience of another nation.

No question is raised anywhere about the wisdom or the extremely radical nature of railroad regulation as practised in Mexico. It was wont to be commended to us as the model of that kind of statesmanship. With a full and perfect knowledge of the troubles that beset us it was devised for the purpose of preventing them and nothing better for that purpose has ever been found. It was the perfection of "regulation."

To give examples:

Many of our difficulties have arisen from the fact that with us the normal function of a railroad as a public highway has been totally obscured and the railroad has come to be looked upon as a piece of private property operated solely for private profits. The old-world principle has always been that a public highway cannot be alienated for private uses. In this country we have tolerated the doctrine that when we have condemned a right of way and allowed a railroad to use it the highway thus established becomes the exclusive and sacred possession of the railroad company and over it the company alone has jurisdiction. On the contrary the railroad laws of Mexico were founded expressly on the broad proposition that railroads are public utilities, that they do not exist solely for private gain, that they are operated only by public permission, that over a public highway the public has inalienable rights. Hence at the beginning there was a notable difference in the purposes of the legislation of the two countries.

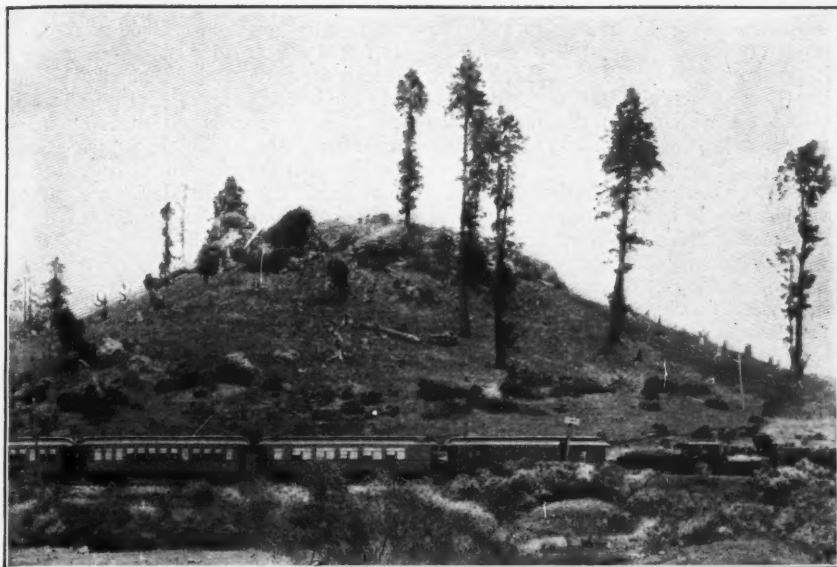
To build and operate a railroad in Mexico it was necessary to obtain from the federal government a concession, and the power to regulate centered about this concession.

It was provided:

First: That no concession should be granted for a longer term than ninety-nine years. At the end of the term, whatever it might be, the railroad, clear of encumbrances and debts, should become the property of the nation. For buildings, machines, and rolling-stock owned by the company the nation must pay an appraised price. Everything else owned by the company should pass without compensation into public ownership.

Second: To keep the railroad companies in order while they were yet in control of the properties were iron-clad laws to be obeyed.

Every company when it applied for a concession was obliged to deposit with the



A LONELY STATION—LA CIMA, HIGHEST POINT ON THE MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILROAD

government a sum in government bonds varying (according to the nature of the line) from fifty to two hundred dollars for each kilometer of the track it proposed to construct. This deposit the government could declare forfeited whenever the company failed to obey the governmental regulations.

Also, the concession (or charter) could be annulled at any time for cause.

Thus, if the company failed to carry out the terms of the concession, or if it allowed a total or partial interruption of the public service, or if, without the consent of the government, it sold its concession, or any part thereof, the concession could be taken away, the deposit was forfeited, and the government took possession of the road.

Therefore the power of the government over the railroad companies was direct, perfect, and absolute. It was a power buttressed, also, by many ingenious devices.

The government appointed its inspectors of maintenance and inspectors of administration, as many of each as it saw fit, and fixed their salaries; but these salaries and all the expenses involved were charged upon the companies.

One body of inspectors supervised the operation of the railroads, all matters connected with maintenance, safety, tracks, rolling-stock, buildings, switches, motive

power, and the make-up and speed of trains. To these inspectors the railroad companies were obliged to give all required information on all subjects pertinent to the physical condition of the roads. The inspectors investigated all accidents, great or small, and made duplicate reports thereon to the national Department of Communications and Public Works and to the court of the district in which an accident occurred.

The administrative inspectors examined all agreements made between company and company, kept track of the business transacted, noted the earnings and disbursements, inspected the companies' rules, received complaints, and reported deficiencies. To them the companies must show all books, documents, and records, and give free access to all property. They attended all meetings of directors, executive boards, voting trusts, and all other bodies connected with the railroad, passed upon all matters transacted at such meetings, and any statements of their making must be entered upon the minutes of the company.

Both classes of inspectors made to the Department of Communications and Public Works minute reports on their observations. Hence the government was at all times perfectly informed about the railroads, and holding over them always the tremendous

The Seven Kings in Mexico

sword of confiscation could enforce any legislation it might choose to make, or instantly change any policy of which it did not approve. The administrative inspectors practically sat on and dominated the directorates; the maintenance inspectors kept the service up to the public needs.

To give a concrete illustration of what this would mean in our country, turn to those regions in the West and Northwest that last winter were weeks together without freight or passenger service because the companies did not care to operate the roads. If we had the Mexican system of regulation reasonably enforced, Mr. Hill would have found himself long since dispossessed of many choice pieces of his railroad, deprived of his deposit and of his charter and franchise, while the government would be running his trains for its profit and the relief of the public. This, doubtless, would have caused much pain to Mr. Hill, but it would have ended the tortures of the people that burned their fences and outhouses to keep warm and ground wheat in coffee-mills to keep from starving. On the whole this would seem to be an end rather better than furthering Mr. Hill's prestidigitation on the stock-market.

But what I have related is only the beginning of the Mexican system. Besides the force of inspectors the government erected many other safeguards.

All rates were subject to the approval of the national authority, which had full power to make in the tariffs whatever changes it might choose to make. Rates were calculated upon the one basis of so much a mile and nothing else, and no variations were allowed from that standard.

Thus at once Mexico was freed from the whole occult, marvelous, mysterious, and awe-compelling science of rate-making as practised in our happy land. Here we believe that a rate tariff is a tablet from Sinai, mystic, obscure, and made by what awful perturbations of inspired intellect fancy fancies to think of. In Mexico any person however common and ordinary could figure his rates. So many kilograms to be carried so many kilometers—so much. That was all. And the government not only regulated the rates, it made them. And still it escaped the wrath of heaven, no panics followed, no disturbances, no disasters, no ruin of glorious prosperity.

In this country we fiddled away a quarter

of a century in a dawdling debate as to whether the government might go so far as to forbid a railroad company to gouge a greater sum for hauling one hundred pounds one hundred miles than it gouges for hauling one hundred pounds one thousand miles, and after all the fiddling the Supreme Court decided that the government could not do that simple thing. In Mexico the government merely went straightway and did it and never fiddled at all.

It prohibited greater charges for short hauls than for long hauls; it prohibited every form of discrimination, trick, device, scheme, or secret contract to advantage one shipper over another; it expressly declared that every shipper must have exactly the same treatment as every other shipper as to rates, conveniences afforded, cars, transit. It utterly prohibited every kind of rebate. It prohibited the refunding of any charge in any case, whether for carrying passengers or freight and whether in whole or in part. It recognized two classifications: car-load lots and less than car-load lots. To provide for the greater expense of handling small packages, car-load lots took a slightly smaller rate than less than car-load lots, but a familiar swindle by American railroads was obviated by reserving to the government the right to fix the minimum weight constituting a car-load lot. Within these classifications no variation of rate was allowed; a man shipping one car a year was to have exactly the same rates, the same facilities, the same treatment, and the same despatch as a man that shipped ten thousand cars a month.

Even this was not all. Besides the incessant watching of the inspectors the government had still other means of enforcing its control. The companies were obliged to make to the Department of Communications and Public Works periodic reports of all rates charged, so that the government could see for itself that the laws had not been violated; and penalties for rebating and discrimination were provided against the companies and the executives and the agents thereof. Moreover, the company was obliged to pay, in every case of rebating or discrimination, to all persons that for two months before and for two months after the offense had shipped merchandise between the same two points, twice the difference between the legal rate and the rate charged to the favored shipper—prob-

ably the most ingenious and promising device ever used against rebating.

Also, severe penalties were provided for any attempt by false entries to conceal or alter any rebating or illegal charges. Underbidding was absolutely prohibited. So was ticket-scalping.

In March of every year every railroad company was obliged to present to the government a report showing the amount of all kinds of stocks and bonds it had issued, the dividends paid and the number of shareholders, its indebtedness of all kinds, a description of the road and statement of its original cost, present value of the property, franchises, and equipment (with detailed items), the improvements made and cost thereof, earnings from passenger traffic, earnings from freight traffic, expenses, net earnings, and a detailed statement of its finances.

Every railroad was obliged to transport free of charge all government inspectors and customs officers in discharge of their duties.

Still more important, the railroads were obliged to carry free of charge the government mails.

Reflect for a moment upon what such an arrangement would mean in America, where the monstrous charges of the railroads for transporting the mails prevent our government from giving to its citizens such postal facilities and service as are provided by the smallest nation in the Postal Union, and where annually the fraudulent mail contracts enable the railroads to rob the government of not less than fifteen million dollars!

Again, the general spirit governing these laws was to be seen in the explicit declaration that nothing contained in them was to

be construed as establishing for the railroad companies anything in the nature of acquired rights, but every feature of the law was subject to modification and repeal at any time and at the government's pleasure.

This, of course, abolished forever in Mexico that other gross specter of modern life, the vested right. Railroad companies in Mexico could have no vested rights about anything. It was never asserted for them that because they had been violating a law

for sixteen years they had the privilege to continue forevermore to violate it. It was never asserted for them that because for a generation they had been killing people on a grade crossing they had an inalienable right to maintain that kind of a slaughterhouse. The position taken by these laws and steadfastly maintained was that the railroad companies existed by the permission of the state and only on condition that they performed certain public duties and that the privileges whereby they were allowed to do business were never surrendered to them but merely lent by the state during good behavior.

At the same time all needed protection

was provided for the stockholder and innocent investor. Even when for cause the government confiscated a concession the stockholder did not lose everything. The deposit made with the government at the outset of the undertaking was lost irrevocably, but the stockholder stood a fair chance to recover the greater part of his investment. The government was not empowered to seize the railroad out of hand and without any compensation. It offered the property first at public auction; if no bidder appeared the government purchased



ON THE LINE OF THE MEXICAN CENTRAL
IN GUERRERO

The Seven Kings in Mexico

the road at two-thirds of its valuation, and in either case the stockholders received the proceeds less the judicial and other expenses of the government. When the government seized a railroad for insufficient service the property was returned if within a year the company submitted satisfactory evidence that it could furnish adequate service. It was also allowed in its defense to offer evidence that the interruption of service was due to causes beyond human control; but such evidence must be absolute and unquestionable to avoid the seizing of the road.

Against these sweeping and extreme regulations the railroads had no appeal. They could not go to the courts, they could not resort to injunctions, stays, demurrers, traverses, precedents, appeals, rejoinders, quillies, quibbles, hair-splitting, or word-wandering. They could not secure delays nor by wearing out the patience of a maltreated public induce it to submit to bad service rather than to submit to the weariness of unending litigation. A railroad company sentenced to confiscation of its property could do nothing but yield up its charter, wind up its affairs, and cease to exist. This is a gen-

ico, as I shall show in a moment, rapidly increased and the amount of capital invested in Mexican railroads mounted year by year with almost unprecedented rapidity. For many years together Mexico built annually more miles of railroad than any other country in Latin America. As to the result upon the public interests, that seems to have been eminently satisfactory. Surprisingly little complaint was made by shippers over Mexican railroads. The minimum of rebating and discrimination seemed to have been attained. There were competing railroads and some sharp practices to get shipments. Also, there was some rebating and refunding: to have privately owned railroads without these appendages is beyond the ingenuity of man. There was probably some little juggling of rates (on the sly), for that likewise is an integral part of private ownership. But the total amount of all such transgressions was infinitesimal compared with those in our experience. The risk was too great. In our

country a railroad company granting rebates has nothing to fear except that if caught in the act it may perhaps some day in the remote future be obliged to pay a fine amounting to one-fiftieth of its profits for a day. In Mexico a railroad company faced the loss of its existence, as well as fines and imprisonment for guilty officers. That had a tendency to

make rebating unpopular, a condition enormously helped by the fact that the courts could not interfere.

As a rule, therefore, the shippers fared exceedingly well in Mexico. They always knew what the tariff was, and they knew that it was fairly calculated on a mileage basis and that one of them was not likely to have any advantage over another. The public fared well because the railroad companies did not attempt to interfere with government, nor give campaign subscriptions, nor control elections, nor nominate candidates, nor emasculate laws, nor bribe legislators, nor operate secret news bureaus,



A STEEP GRADE ABOVE MALTRATA,
MEXICAN RAILROAD



eral outline of the laws praised in many quarters as wise, just, efficient, and needful. As to their practical results, some assertions, at least, may be made with certainty. They bore no hardship upon railroad operation, they were no check to railroad development, they were no hindrance to investment, because under them the railroad mileage in Mex-

nor own newspapers, nor deal with vote-brokers, nor pad the registration lists. And capital fared well because it was assured against adverse legislation and the enormous expenses of buying votes, controlling conventions, financing campaigns, hiring candidates, and rotting the heart of public morals. So the plan seems to have been very happy all around, and the country thrived amazingly.

In 1903 a London newspaper estimated that private capital had invested \$854,563,067 (Mexican) in the railroads of Mexico and gave the following details

of some of the principal investments:

Mexican Central Railroad.....	\$164,336,452
Mexican National	77,180,593
International of Mexico	38,040,200
Mexican Railroad.....	36,703,900
Interoceanic	25,773,680
Mexican Southern	11,250,000
Vera Cruz & Pacific.....	10,000,000
Chihuahua & Pacific.....	7,505,066
Sonora Railroad	6,834,147
Rio Grande, Sierra Madre & Pacific	3,120,000
Mexican Northern.....	1,660,000
Panal to Durango.....	1,000,000
Kansas City, Mexico & Orient ..	691,912

I call attention to two facts:

Of these great investments the greater part was American capital.

Most of the American capital was furnished by the men that in this country strenuously and bitterly oppose the governmental regulation of railroads.

That is the truth. The identical men that sound the loud alarm and terrify us with prophetic visions of the evils to follow a little regulation went cheerfully to Mexico and risked their millions in a country where there was a great deal of regulation. To prevent rebates in the United States would ruin our railroads and bring on the soup-kitchen; to prevent rebates in Mexico

created for railroads a wholesome and inviting condition. To prevent extortionate rates in the United States would destroy our great railroad industry and beggar the vast number of widows and orphans supported thereby; but in Mexico the government might not only limit, it might fix all the rates

and no ruin and no starvation would follow. In the United States at the mere suggestion that the railroads were not supreme in our affairs those delicate and sensitive institutions were threatened with collapse; in Mexico the government with great heartiness

kicked them all about the lot and the owners merely sent in more money to invest.

Such are the facts. You may explain them as you see fit. Rockefeller, Morgan, Harriman, Gould, nearly all, in fact, of the seven kings of the American railroad system, were heavily interested in Mexican railroads and continually adding to their holdings. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé had invested heavily and wisely. Mr. Harriman had a concession and was building in western Mexico an important extension of his lines. The Gould interests were deep in Mexican National. The Mexican Central, the greatest railroad in the country, was conceived in Boston, organized with Boston capital, and was largely owned by John D. Rockefeller. The International was floated in Connecticut. Many a man that professes horror at the idea of a railroad system without graft and without stock-rigging placidly put his dollars into exactly such a system and wished he had more there. When it was suggested to Mr. Hill that really he ought not so to operate his Northern Pacific that people froze or starved, he responded with tart rejoinders or gloomy forecasts of evil days. But here was a country where he would have lost his railroad for doing such



STEEL BRIDGE SPANNING THE PAPALOAPAN RIVER,
VERA CRUZ & PACIFIC RAILROAD

The Seven Kings in Mexico

things with it, and men of his class not only endured the "governmental tyranny" but throve under it. The railroads subjected to such tyranny not only did business but an immense amount of business and with profit, the gross receipts of the Mexican Central being about twenty-five million dollars annually, of the National more than eleven million dollars, of the International more than seven million dollars. In ten years the gross receipts of the leading Mexican railroads, excluding the National, showed an average increase of three hundred per cent.—under the severest system of governmental supervision and regulation known among nations. What say you, gentlemen?

At the end of 1905 Mexico had 16,387 kilometers (10,240 miles) of railroad. In 1876, when she began this system of "tyranny," she had 567 kilometers. In 1876 she had six railroad companies; in 1906, ninety. In 1876 all her railroads transported 4,281,327 persons; in 1906 about 60,000,000. In 1876 the gross receipts of the Mexican railroads were \$2,564,870.63; in 1906 about \$85,000,000. Somehow the deadly blight of governmental interference fails to be discernible in these figures.

The principal systems have the following lengths in kilometers:

Mexican Central.....	3547
Mexican National.....	2017
International.....	1416
Interoceanic.....	777
Mexican.....	683
Vera Cruz & Pacific.....	420

Beyond doubt the Mexican plan was the most admirable, comprehensive, efficient scheme of regulation that has ever been devised. It gave to the government perfect control over rates and services. It placed in the government's hands a tangible weapon against discrimination and rebating. It insured to the public full and constant facilities. It obviated the chance of car shortages. It provided safety. It met almost every grievance that we have against our railroad service.

And yet it failed, and must needs be abandoned.

It could do many things; one thing, the most desirable of all, it could not do. It could not prevent the railroad from becoming a great, perilous, overshadowing power in the nation.

The seven kings of our railroad system looked down to Mexico and it found favor in their sight. They said it was a good thing and they would push it along. They owned shares in many lines; they were building and planning many others. Here was Mr. Rockefeller with his Mexican Central Railroad and Mr. Gould with his Mexican National and Mr. Harriman with his new line to the Mexican Pacific coast. How fine it would be if they were to combine their interests and possess all the country! And here also came opportunely upon the scene the great Black Hand of the railroad business, the power that controls the Rock Island. This extraordinary group of financial bandits that in ten years, without investment or legitimate capital, have put together the greatest railroad system in the world and loaded it with all this colossal and menacing pile of fictitious bonds and watered stocks, they were also in line for a slice of Mexico. The Rock Island planned to carry its system southward from El Paso through Mexico to the Pacific coast, to the Isthmus of Panama, to regions beyond. It was a gigantic scheme and certain to have a glorious success.

Maps were made showing how Mexico would be parceled out by the harmonious combination of the kings. The Rockefeller lines reached here and the Harriman lines there and the Morgan lines over yonder, and when the combination had been effected there would be nothing left for anybody else and nothing for the combining gentlemen to do but exploit the people and draw dividends. It was a grand conception. From time to time in the summer of 1906 the American newspapers reported its cheery progress. Everything was going well indeed; the interests were being brought together, the necessary controls were being secured, and in a few months the combination would be perfected and fully launched to do the Mexicans good and run their affairs for them.

Many details of the combination were given. One seems to have been overlooked—Porfirio Diaz, president of the Mexican republic. The oversight may be thought to have been rather important. Early in December, 1906, it was sorrowfully announced that there would be no consolidation of the Rockefeller, Morgan, and Harriman interests in Mexico because the Mexican government held a majority of the

stock in each of the railroads these gentlemen thought they owned. While the gentlemen had been going about forming a happy combination to exploit the inferior Mexicans, the inferior Mexicans had been making some moves on their own poor account. In ways so carefully concealed that the seven kings never heard of the matter Mr. Diaz had been buying stocks. Emissaries had moved noiselessly around France, Belgium, Germany, England, and the United States, picking up what they could find. When they had found enough the inferior Mexicans showed their hand and the seven kings beat a retreat—hardly, I regret to say, with the grace and dignity that becomes royalty.

The Mexican government, giving no sign, had understood very well what game was afoot and what therefrom impended. It knew what the railroads were in the United States. It had long determined that no such power should gain domination over Mexico. Against the menace of the railroad trust regulation was nothing. The enormous mass of millions behind the American railroads had been too strong for the United States. Then what chance against it would Mexico have, a country of population and resources so much smaller? So the government had thrown up the only efficient defense. Following the example set by Minister von Maybach when he got possession of the Prussian railroads, the Mexican government had merely bought enough of the stock of each principal railroad to secure its control. It had not bothered with the bonds nor with any other phase of railroad values. Then it voted the stock it owned and put its agents on the boards of directors. That was all. The operation of the roads proceeds as before. The stockholders keep their stock and will get their dividends.

Minister of Finance Limantour broke the news to the Mexican congress on December 13th. He said that the government had been driven to the step by the growing danger that the Mexican railroads would be absorbed by the American railroad trust and referred significantly to the difficulties we were experiencing in enforcing the laws upon great corporations. It was,

in fact, no wholly new step by the government. The seven kings might have been warned. Mexico had always held a certain considerable interest in properties that railroad royalty was managing so confidently. She had but to increase her holdings and out went the kings. The policy chosen by the dusky and able gentleman that directs Mexican affairs might easily have been discerned by the astute. In 1902 he had purchased a controlling interest in the important

Tehuantepec Inter-oceanic Railroad, obtaining the bonds in the market at 90½ and paying for them from the reserve funds in the treasury. At that time the announcement was made that the government had not sought to make a profitable investment but to prevent pools and trusts it felt it could not regulate nor control. That was the motive in its later and greater acquisition. No sanction by congress was necessary, the Mexican executive being authorized to take such steps when needed for the general welfare. The prices paid for the stocks are not made public, but the government has the roads, hard and fast, about nine thousand miles of them, including the lines once happily controlled by the seven kings. Some small properties are still to be acquired in the government's own good time. But it has all the principal trunk lines and can do with them as it pleases. The seven kings will rule no more in Mexico, and the shadow of the Black Hand will not rest there, at least.



BRIDGE OVER THE ENCARNACION VALLEY
ON THE LINE OF THE MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILROAD, NEAR THE
CITY OF MEXICO



Drawn by J. H. Gardner-Soper

"THE TRANSITION FROM SAND-CASTLES TO AIR-CASTLES WAS EASY, AND PRESENTLY THE
MAN WAS MAPPING HIS FUTURE"

("The Crucible")

The Crucible

By Mark Lee Luther

Author of "The Henchman," "The Mastery," etc.

Illustrated by J. H. Gardner-Soper

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Jean Fanshaw had come to New York to earn her living after undergoing a terrible experience. She had served a term in the state House of Refuge, where she had been committed, when seventeen years old, for a provoked attack upon her mother and sister. The girl was wholly out of sympathy with her family, having been brought up by her father, now dead, to prefer men's sports and pursuits. In the refuge she made one friend, Amy Jeffries, and incurred the ill will of Stella Wilkes, who had borne an evil reputation in Jean's own town, Shawnee Springs. After some months Jean escaped and found her way to a lakeside camp occupied by a young man who was spending a solitary vacation. He persuaded her that it was best, in view of her future, to return, and in doing so, she carried into her punishment a new conception of womanhood. When the three years' sentence was finished, Jean was a very different girl from the tomboy that entered the institution. She had become stronger in character, and her masculine traits had quite disappeared. Knowing that she would not be welcome at home, Jean followed her friend, Amy, to the metropolis. Amy had just become a cloak-model in a large department store, and Jean found work in her former place of employment, a cloak-factory which proved to be nothing more than a sweat-shop. After an arduous week, Jean thought herself fortunate in obtaining a position of clerk in the toy department of Amy's store. At the boarding-house, where the two girls shared a room, lived a young dentist named Paul Bartlett, who began to be attracted to Jean. He formed the habit of dropping in to walk home with her from the store, and this led to an insult to the girl from a floor-walker. Jean with the skill acquired through her father's early training promptly knocked the man down. She laid her side of the case before one of the firm, but got no satisfaction beyond the promise of an investigation. This turned out badly for her. The following Saturday she was discharged because it had been discovered that she had served a term in the reformatory.

MAKING A NEW START



IN her dark hour came Paul. "I know," he said, hunting her out in the corner of the melancholy drawing-room where she sat Sunday afternoon with absent eyes upon "The Trial of Effie Deans." "Some of it I guessed, and a little more filtered from Amy via Mrs. St. Aubyn, but I got the finishing touch from a man in the store."

"The store!" Jean had a moment of acute dismay; she would fain leave Paul his illusions. "What man?"

"A chap in the drug department I do work for now and then. He turned up at the parlors this morning. We're open Sundays from 'leven to one, you know."

Then the refuge specter had followed here! She could not look Paul in the face. But his next words reassured.

"He didn't mention names, but I put two

and two together quick enough when he told me that one of their new girls knocked out a fresh floor-walker the other night. I was proud I knew you."

"Did he know of my—my discharge?"

"No."

"You didn't mention it yourself?" Jean faltered. "Or my name?"

Paul's look was sad. "That's a shade lower down than I think I've got," he observed loftily. "A man who'd lug in a lady friend's name under such circumstances wouldn't stop at the few trifles that still feeze me."

She hastened to mollify him, relieved beyond measure that his chance informant knew nothing of the real reason for her dismissal. Amy could be trusted to conceal it for her own sake. Then Paul stirred her anxiety afresh with a request.

"I want to polish off Mr. Rose," he said, doubling his fist suggestively. "You made a good beginning, but the pup needs a thorough job. I know where he boards—he told me that night he butted in; and if

you'll just let me call round as a friend of yours——"

"No, no. Promise me you won't!"

"But he needs it," argued the dentist plaintively. "I'd also like, if it could be managed, to say a few things to the head of the firm."

"Indeed you mustn't," cried Jean.

"Can't I even tell Rose what I think?"

"Never! I've got to accept this thing and make a new start. I must forget it, not brood over it. You mustn't thrash him, you mustn't tell him what you think, above all, you mustn't go to the firm. Promise me you won't!"

"All right," he assented, manifestly puzzled. "A girl looks at things differently. I've got another proposition, though, which I hope you won't veto. Any prejudice against dentists, present company excepted?"

"No," smiled Jean.

"Some folks have, you know. Can't understand it myself. Why isn't it as high-toned to doctor teeth as it is to specialize an inch higher up, say, on the nose? Yet socially the nose-specialist gets the glad hand in places where the dentist couldn't break in with a Krupp gun. It makes me hot. But enough said along that line just now. What I started in to tell you is that there's an opening at the parlors."

"For me—a girl?"

"For a girl?" Paul pretended to weigh this handicap gravely. "Of course a lady assistant is generally a man, but still——"

Jean was unfamiliar with this adjunct of modern dentistry. "What must she do?" she asked.

"Be a lady and assist. That sums it all up. Some old fogies would specify thirty summers and a homely face, but I believe in a cheery office straight through. We've been looking round for the right party lately—the girl who has the berth now is going to be married; but it never occurred to me to offer it to you until to-day. It would mean eight dollars a week right at the start, and a raise just as soon as they appreciate what an air you give the whole place. There'd be more still in it if you liked the work well enough to branch out."

"Branch out? In what way?"

"Operating-room. At first you'll act as secretary and cashier, receive patients, and see that the hulk of a janitor keeps the parlors neat. Then, if you get on as I think you will, you'll very likely have an assistant

yourself and put in most of your time elsewhere. A clever girl can be no end of help in the operating-room. Say, for instance, I'm doing a contour filling, which, let me tell you, needs an eagle-eye and the patience of a mule. Well, while I pack and figure how to do an artistic job, you anneal gold, pass it to me in the cavity, and maybe condense it with the mallet. See what I mean? One bright little woman we had for a while drew thirty-five a week, but she was a trained nurse."

Jean had doubts of her usefulness amid these technicalities, but the office work sounded simple, and she caught thankfully at the chance.

The dentist waved aside her gratitude. "I'm simply doing a good stroke of business for the Acme Painless Dental Company," he said. "I'll tell Grimes in the morning that I've located the right party—Grimes is the company, by the way, the whole painless ranch—and you can drop in later and cinch the deal."

Jean's thoughts took a leap ahead to ways and means, and she drew a worn shoe farther beneath her skirt. "You're sure I'll do?" she hesitated.

"You! I only wish you could see some of the procession who've answered our ad." Then, almost as if he read her mind, he added with unwonted bashfulness: "If I were in your place I'd borrow Amy's black feather boa for your first call. It suits you right down to the ground."

She took the hint laughingly. There were more things than the boa to be borrowed for the conquest of Grimes. She was touched by Paul's transparent subtlety, and glad that in his slow man's way he had at last perceived why their outings had ceased. So, by grace of Paul and Amy, it fell out before another week elapsed that the affianced lady assistant of the Acme Painless Dental Company left to prepare for her bridal, and Jean reigned in her stead.

The company's outworks on Sixth Avenue were a resplendent negro and a monumental show-case, both filled with glittering specimens of the painless marvels accomplished within. The African wore a uniform of green and gold, and all day forced advertisements into the unwilling hands of passers-by, chanting meanwhile the full style and title of the establishment in a voice which soared easily above the roar of the elevated trains overhead. Passing this personage, you mounted a staircase whose

every step besought you to remember the precise whereabouts of the parlors, while yet other placards of like import made clear the way at the top and throughout the unmistakable corridor leading to the true and only Acme Painless Dental Company's door.

Entering here to the trill of an electric bell, you came full upon the central office, or, as the leaflets read, the elegant parlor, from which the operating-rooms led on every hand. In character this apartment was broadly eclectic. Jean's special nook, with its telephone, cash-register, and smart roll-top desk, was contemporary to the minute; yet in the corner diagonally opposed, a suit of stage armor jauntily bade the waiting patient think upon knights, justs, and the swash-bucklering Middle Ages. In still another quarter a languorous slave girl of scanty raiment, but abundant bangles, postured upon a teak-wood tabouret, backed by way of further realism with Bagdad hangings and a palm of the convenient species which no frost blights and an occasional whisk of the duster always rejuvenates. The chairs were frankly Grand Rapids and built for wear, though the proprietor's avowed taste ran to a style he called "Lewis Quince"; and the gilt he might not employ here he lavished upon the frames of his pictures, which, nearly without exception, were night-scenes wherein shimmering castle windows and the gibbous moon were cunningly inlaid in mother-of-pearl. In the midst of all this, now pacifying the waiting with vain promises of speedy relief, now pottering off into this room or that in as futile attempts to make each of several sufferers believe his blundering services exclusive—big, easy-going, slovenly, yet popular—moved Grimes.

Of the operating-rooms, which by no means approached the splendor of the parlor, the next best to Grimes's own was Paul Bartlett's, for Paul was a person of importance here. Of the four assistant dentists he was at once the best equipped and the best paid, receiving a commission over and above his regular thirty-five dollars a week. The more discriminating of the place's queer constituency coolly passed Grimes by in Paul's favor, but the elder man was not offended. A month or so after Jean's coming he even offered his clever helper a partnership, which Paul unhesitatingly declined. He was ambitious for an office of his own, when his capital should permit,

and he planned it along lines which it would have fatigued his slipshod employer to conceive.

"It's all too beastly bad," he told Jean in answer to her query why he did not accept Grimes's offer and insist on reform. "You'd simply have to burn the shop from laboratory to door-mat. To advertise as he does is against the code of dental ethics, and his practice ought to be jumped on by the board of health. Look at this junk!" he added, shaking an indignant fist under the nose of the slave girl. "Lord knows how many good dollars it cost, and yet we haven't got more than one decent set of instruments in the whole shebang. I reach for a spatula or a plugger that I've laid down two minutes before, and I find it's been packed off by old Grimes to use on another patient. As for sterilizing—faugh! You could catch *anything* here. How he's shaved through so far without a damage suit euchres me."

"Yet I like him," said Jean.

"So do I. So does everybody. And he's getting rich on the strength of it."

"I'm getting rich on the strength of it, too," Jean laughed. "Next week I shall really be able to put money in the bank."

Better paid, better dressed, with easy work and not infrequent leisure to read, she felt that at last she had begun to live. Her position long retained a flavor of novelty, for the dental company's patrons were infinitely various and furnished endless topics of interest to herself and Paul. They usually went to and from Mrs. St. Aubyn's together, and as the summer excursion season drew on their Sunday pleasuring began to flourish afresh. Sometimes Amy joined them, but more often she made labored excuses, and they went alone. Jean thought her more secretive and reserved than of old, and Paul too remarked a change.

"How did you two get chummy?" he asked abruptly, after one of Amy's declinations. "You're not at all alike."

"Chums are usually different, aren't they?" Jean said, her skin beginning to prickle.

"Not so much as you two. You're a lady and she—well, she isn't. Known her some time?"

"Yes."

"Where did you meet? You were certainly green to the city when you struck our house. Amy's an East Sider simon-pure."

"It was in the country. Amy stayed in the country once."

"Shawnee Springs?"

"No, no. Another place."

"Was that where you knew Miss Archer?"

Jean turned a sick face upon him, but Paul's own countenance was without guile. "I've overheard you and Amy mention her once or twice," he explained.

"Yes," she stammered. "We both knew her there."

"Out of breath?" he said, still too observant. "I thought we were taking our usual gait."

She blamed the heat and led him to speak of other things, but the day was spoiled. She debated seriously whether it were not wise to make a clean breast of her refuge history, but Paul's belief in her unworldliness had its sweetness, and the fit chance to dispel his illusion somehow had not come when Stella, for weeks almost forgotten, so involved the coil that frankness was impossible.

ENTER CUPID

MOTLEY as were the dental company's patrons, Jean never entertained the possibility of Stella's crossing the threshold till her coming was an accomplished fact. Luckily she happened to be elsewhere in the office when the bell warned her that some one had entered, and she was able accordingly to sight the caller with her admiring gaze fixed upon the slave girl. Her own retreat was instant and blind, and by a spiteful chance took her full tilt into the arms of Paul.

"What's up?" he demanded, holding her fast. "What's happened to you?"

She was dumb before his questions. He noticed her pallor and helped her into the nearest operating-chair.

"There is a patient waiting," she got out at last.

"You're the first patient," he said, and brought smelling-salts, which he administered with a liberal hand. "You girls eat a roll for breakfast and a chocolate caramel for lunch and then wonder why you faint."

She finally persuaded him to leave her on her promising that she would not stir till his return, and he went in her stead to receive Stella, whom he brought to a room so near that almost every word was audible. Stella had evidently visited the parlors before. She addressed Paul familiarly as "Doc,"

spoke of other work he had done for her, and lingered to make conversation after he had fixed an appointment. The dentist's responses were cool and perfunctory, and in leaving she chaffed him on having lost his old-time sociability.

He returned with a red face to find Jean outwardly herself. "Better?" he said awkwardly.

"Much better."

Paul fidgeted with the mechanism of the chair. "As long as you're O.K. now," he went on, "I'm not sorry you missed that party. That's the worst of Grimes—he caters to all sorts. You heard her talk, I suppose?"

"Yes."

He furtively studied her face. "I hope you don't think we're as friendly as she made out?"

"Oh, no."

Paul looked greatly relieved. "I bank a lot on what you think," he said. "You're the kind of girl who makes a fellow want to toe the mark."

"Don't," she entreated, writhing under his praise. "You rate me too high."

"Too high!" He laughed excitedly and caught her hand when she moved to go. "You didn't mind my telling you?" Then, without awaiting a reply, he blurted out: "There's a heap more to say. I want to take you out of all this—away from such riffraff as the girl you didn't see; I want—I want you, Jean."

She tried to speak, but he read refusal in her troubled eyes and cut her short. "Don't answer now," he begged. "I didn't expect to tell you this so soon. I don't expect you to say yes straight off. I'm not good enough for you, Lord knows, but nobody could care more. Promise me you'll think it over. Promise me that, anyhow."

She would have promised anything to escape. Again at her desk, she strove to think things out, but from the whirl of her thoughts only one fixed purpose emerged: she must know the day and hour of Stella's intended return, for this detail had escaped her. Making some excuse, therefore, when Paul came for her at closing time, she watched him to the street and then hurried to search his operating-room for the little red-covered book in which his personal appointments were kept. It was not in its usual place, however, nor in his office-coat behind the door, nor in any possible drawer of the cabinet. He had evidently

slipped it into some pocket of the suit he wore.

She dragged home in miserable anxiety, pinning all her hopes on obtaining a glance at the book while the dentist was at dinner; but this plan failed her, too, since that night, contrary to his custom, Paul made no change in his dress. The book was in his possession. Of this she was certain, for a corner of its red binding gleamed evilly at her from beneath his coat. Once, in an after-dinner comparison of biceps, which the insurance agent inaugurated in the hall, the thing actually fell to the floor at her feet, only to be noted by a watchful chorus before she might even think of advancing a casual ruffle. She devised a score of pretexts for asking Paul to let her see it, any one of which would have passed muster before his enamored eyes, but she dismissed each as too flimsy and open to suspicion.

Fate was kinder on the morrow. Paul laid the appointment-book upon an open shelf of his cabinet in the course of the forenoon, and she seized a moment when he was scouring the establishment for one of his ever-vagrant instruments, to wrest its secret at last. She found the record easily. It was among the engagements for that very day: "Miss Wilkes 11-11.30." The little clock on the cabinet indicated ten minutes of eleven now!

She evaded Paul, who was returning, caught up her hat, and telling Grimes that she was too ill to work that day—which the big incompetent sympathetically assured her he could see for himself—fled in panic to the stairs only to behold Stella's nodding plumes already rounding the sample show-case below. Fortunately she was mounting with head down, and it took Jean but an instant to dart for the staircase to the floor above, from whose landing, breathless, lax-muscled, yet safe, she followed Stella's rustling progress to the dental company's door. When she cautiously descended, the hall reeked with a musky perfume from which she recoiled as from a physical nearness to the woman herself.

Luncheon brought Paul and questions which she answered, as she could, from behind her closed door. He had no suspicion of the real cause of her sudden leaving, ascribing her indisposition, as yesterday, to insufficient nourishment, and joined his imagination to Mrs. St. Aubyn's and that of the proprietor of a neighboring

delicatessen shop, in the heaping of a tray whose every mouthful choked. It tortured her to brazen out this deception, but unaided she could see no other way, and advisers there were none. She might have confided in Amy had the need arisen earlier; but Amy was become a creature of strange reserves and silences.

She left her room at evening and braved the galling solicitude of the dining-room. Mrs. St. Aubyn was for extracting her precise symptoms, and led a discussion of favorite remedies, to which nearly all contributed some special lore, from the librarian, who swore by a newspaper cholera mixture, to the bankrupt, whose panacea was Adirondack air. Paul refrained from the talk, perceiving that Jean wished nothing so much as to be let alone. He was more silent than she had ever known him at table, and she twice surprised him in a brown study of which Amy was seemingly the subject. Dinner over, he brought about a tête-à-tête in an upper hall, a meeting made easy by the boarders' summer custom of blocking the front steps in a domestic group, of which Mrs. St. Aubyn was the smiling apex.

"I didn't trot out a remedy downstairs," he said, "but I've got one all the same. It's a vacation."

"But——" Jean began.

"No 'buts' in order. I've got the floor. It's a vacation you need, and it's a vacation you'll have. Grimes has arranged everything. You're to have a week off, beginning to-morrow, and your pay will go on."

"This is your doing!"

"No," he disclaimed; "it's Grimes's. I only told him it would do you more good now than in August. It was due you anyhow."

"But I'm not sick," she protested. "I can't let you think I am. It's not right to deceive——"

"The question now before the house," Paul calmly interposed, "is, Where do you want to spend it? How about Shawnee Springs?"

"No."

"Thought not. You never mention the Springs as though you pined to get back. Ever try Ocean Grove, where the Methodists round up?"

"No."

"Then why don't you? There's more fun in the place than you'd think. They can't spoil the ocean, and Asbury Park is just a stone's throw away whenever the hymns get

on your nerves. I mention Ocean Grove because Mrs. St. Aubyn's sister has a boarding-house there—Marlborough Villa, she calls it—where she'll take you cheap, coming now before the rush. I'll run down Sunday and see how you're making out."

He had an answer for every objection, and in the end Jean let herself be persuaded, although to yield here seemed to imply a tacit assent to other things she was woefully unready to meet. The future stretched away, a jungle of complexity. Perhaps the sea (the real sea she had never beheld, for Coney Island did not count) would help her think it out.

Early the following morning the dentist saw her aboard the boat. "You'll not mind if I come down?" he asked.

She smiled "No" a little wanly, but he went away content. Sunday would be crucial, she foresaw. He would press for his answer then and she . . . Perhaps the salt breeze would shred these mists.

But neither the breeze, full of the odor of sanctity, which cooled encamped Methodism, nor the secular, yet not flagrantly sinful, atmosphere of the twin watering-place, had aided much when the week-end brought Paul to solve the riddle for himself.

Many things allied in his favor. In the first place, Jean was unfeignedly glad to see him, as the agitated veranda rockers of Marlborough Villa bore witness. In a world which she had too often found callous, Paul Bartlett, for one, had proved himself a practical friend. She felt a distinct pride in him, too, as he withstood the brunt of the veranda fire; a pardonable elation that, in a social scheme overwhelmingly feminine, she led captive so presentable a male. Again, Paul was tactful in following up his welcome. His only concern Saturday evening, and throughout Sunday till almost the end, was seemingly to give her pleasure. Sometimes she played the cicerone to her own discoveries: now a model of Jerusalem, its Lilliputian streets littered with the peanut shucks of appreciative childhood; the pavilion where free concerts were best; the bathing-beach where the discreetly clothed crowd was most diverting; or a little lake, remote from the merry-go-rounds and catch-penny shows, which she secretly preferred to all. Or Paul would display the results of his past researches. He knew an alley in one of the great hotels, where she had from him her first lesson in the ancient

game of bowls; a catering establishment whose list of creams and ices exceeded imagination; and a drive—Sunday morning this—past opulent dwellings, whose tenants they commiserated, to an old riverside tavern overhung by noble trees.

Sundown found them watching the trampling surf from the ramparts of their own sand-castle, which Paul, guided by her superior knowledge of things medieval, had reared. The transition from sand-castles to air-castles was easy, and presently the man was mapping his future.

"Grimes wants me to renew our contract," he said. "It runs out October first, you know. But I think it's up to me to be my own boss. I've got what I needed from the dental company—practical experience. If I stay on, I may pick up some things I don't need, just as the other fellows finally drop into old Grimey's shiftless ways. I don't want to take any of his smudge into my office. He can keep his gilt gimcracks and his slave girl and his bogus armor. A plain reception-room, but cheerful, I say; and an operating-room that's brighter still. Canary or two, maybe; plants—real plants—and fittings strictly up to date. Electricity everywhere, chair best in the market, instruments the finest money will buy, but *out of sight*. No chamber of horrors for me! As for location, give me Harlem. I know a stack of folks there, and I like Harlem ways. I've even looked up offices, and I know one on a 'Hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street that just fills the bill. Well, that's part of the programme."

Jean was roused from visions of her own. "I know you'll succeed," she said.

"That's part of the programme," he repeated; then, less confidently: "The other part includes a snug little flat just round the corner, where a fellow can easily run in for lunch. I don't mean a bachelor's hall. I mean a bona-fide home, with a wife in it—a wife named Jean!"

He was a likable figure—clean-cut, earnest, manly—as he waited in the dusk, and the home he offered had its appeal. Marriage would solve many problems. She would be free of the grinding struggle for a livelihood, which the stigma of the refuge made dangerous. She would be free of the fear of such vengeance as Stella could wreak. If the need arose, it would be a simple matter, once they were married, to tell Paul the truth of things. His love would

make light of it. As for her love, . . . But what was love? Where in life did one meet the rose-colored dream of fiction? Love was intensified liking, and Paul, as has been recorded, was a likable figure—clean-cut, earnest, manly—as he waited in the dusk.

Yet, even then, recurred a still undimmed picture wherein, against a background of forest birches, there shone an indubitable hero of romance.

THE HORIZON WIDENS

JEAN shrank from the congratulations of the boarding-house and the office, and they decided at the outset to keep their engagement to themselves. "Not barring your mother, of course," Paul amended. "To play strictly according to Hoyle, I expect I ought to drop her a line. What do you think?"

"It won't be necessary," Jean said.

The dentist sighed thankfully. "Glad to hear it. The chances are she'd say no straight off the bat if I did. What will you say about a proposition like me, anyhow?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Least said the better, eh?"

"I mean I'm not going to write."

"Not at all?"

"Not till we are married. I will write home then."

Paul whistled meditatively. "Mind telling why?" he queried. "Can't say that this play seems according to Hoyle, either."

Jean's real reason was rooted in a fear that Mrs. Fanshaw's erratic conscience might be capable of a motherly epistle to Paul setting forth the refuge history. So she answered that she and her family were not in sympathy, and was overjoyed to find that Paul thought her excuse valid.

"I know just how you feel," he said. "My governor and I could never hit it off. But about writing your mother: we'll need her consent, you know. You're still under twenty-one."

"I come of age September tenth."

"But we want to be married the third week in August."

"We can't," said Jean; and that was the end of it.

This postponement notwithstanding, it seemed to her that she fairly tobogganed toward her marriage. Even before her return to work Paul notified Grimes of his intention to shift for himself after October and leased the office of which he had told

her. With the same energy, of which he gratefully assured her she was the dynamo, he promptly had her hunting Harlem for the little flat, just round the corner, of his imaginings. For so modest a thing, this proved singularly elusive, and it took a month of Sundays, besides unreckoned week-day explorations, before they lit finally upon what they wanted, in a building so new that the plumbers and paper-hangers still overran its upper floors.

The Lorna Doone was an apartment-house. The prospectus said so; the elevator and the hall service proved it. Mere flats have stairs and ghostly front doors which unseen hands unlock. Mere flats have also at times an old-fashioned roominess which apartments usually lack; but as Paul, out of a now ripe experience with agents and janitors, justly remarked, they have no tone. This essential attribute—agents and janitors agreed that it was essential—seemed to him to exhale from the Lorna Doone with a certainty not evident in many higher-priced buildings whose entrances boasted far less onyx paneling and mosaic. Besides tone or, more correctly perhaps, as a constituent of tone, this edifice had location, which Jean was surprised to learn was a thing to be considered even in this happily unfashionable section.

There was Harlem and Harlem, it appeared; and taught partly by Paul, partly by real-estate brokers, she became adept in the subtle distinctions between streets which seemingly differed only in their numerals. For example, there was a quarter, *the* quarter to be accurate, once called Harlem Heights, which now in the full-blown pride of its cathedral, its university, and its hero's mausoleum, haughtily declared itself not Harlem at all. They had scaled this favored region in their quest, and this glimpse of the unattainable was a strong, if not a controlling, factor in their final choice.

"We can't be hermits and live in a hole," Paul argued. "I know a big bunch of people here already, and we'll soon know more. We've got to hold up our end. Nice name we'd get in our club if we didn't entertain once in a while like the rest."

"Our club!" she echoed. "We're to join a club?"

"Sure. Bowling-club, I mean. Everybody bowls in Harlem. We must think about the office, too. It's the women who make or break a dentist's practice, and

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sooner or later they find out how he lives and the kind of company he keeps."

After a reflective silence he frightened her by asking abruptly whether she remembered a loud girl who had come to the dental parlors for an appointment the day of her first illness. "The chatty party who thought I wasn't sociable," he particularized. "Her name's Wilkes."

Jean remembered.

"Well, she came back," pursued the dentist slowly. "I filled a tooth for her the next morning. She had a good deal to say."

She brought herself to look at him. If the past must be faced now, she would meet it like the honest girl she was. But Paul's manner was not accusing, and when he spoke again it was of neither Stella nor herself. "How much does Amy get a week?" he asked.

She told him, and he nodded as over a point proved. "Would it surprise you to hear that she draws five dollars less? That does surprise you, doesn't it?"

"How do you know?"

"My drug-department patient told me long ago. I didn't think much about it at the time, for some girls dress well on mighty little; but when—well, the long and short of it is, that Wilkes woman knows Amy!"

Jean pulled herself together somehow. Amy's defense was for the moment her own.

"Need that condemn Amy?" she said.

"Of course not," returned Paul judicially. "It might happen to you, or anybody. Perhaps she says she knows me. It's the way she came to know her that counts. The Wilkes girl got very confidential when I left her mouth free. She had tanked up with fire-water for the occasion, and it oiled her tongue. I didn't pay much attention until Amy Jeffries's name slipped out, but I listened after that. I thought it was due you."

"And she said——?"

"She said a lot I won't rehash, but it all boils down to the fact that they both graduated from the same reformatory."

She must tell him now! White-faced, miserable, she nerved herself to speak.

"Paul!" she appealed.

He was instantly all concern for her distress. "Don't take it so hard," he begged. "She isn't worth it."

"You don't understand. I—I knew——"

"You knew what?"

"About the—reformatory. I once told you I met Amy in the country."

"I remember."

"Well," the confession came haltingly, "it was the refuge I meant. I met her at the refuge."

She waited with eyes averted for the question which should bare all. Instead, she suddenly felt Paul's caress, and faced him to meet a smile. "You are a trump!" he ejaculated. "To know all the while and never give her away!"

He had not understood! Trembling like a reprieved criminal, she heard him go on to complete his self-deception. "I was going to ask you to let Amy slide after we were married," he said, "but if you believe in her this much I reckon she's worth helping."

The crisis past, she half regretted that she had not screwed her courage to the point of a full confession, but this feeling was transitory. Paul rested content with his own explanations and talked of little else than their flat, and she, too, presently found their home-building absorbing.

A more minute inspection of the Lorna Doone, after the signing of the lease, revealed that the outer splendor had its inner penalties.

"Looks like a case of rob Paul to pay Peter, this trip," said the dentist. "Peter is the owner's first name, you know. The woodwork is cheap, the bath-tubs are seconds, and the closets, as you say, aren't worth mentioning. I'll gamble the building laws have been dodged from subcellar to cornice. I hear he has run up a dozen like it, and every blessed one on spec. That's why we're getting six weeks' rent free. It's anything to fill the house and hook some sucker who hankers for an investment and doesn't know the leases don't amount to shucks."

"Don't they?"

"Ours doesn't. Why, the man as much as told me to clear out when the building changes hands, if I like."

Jean looked round the bright little toy of a kitchen where they stood.

"I sha'n't want to leave," she said. "It already seems like home."

It seemed more and more a home as their preparations went forward. They were not supposed to enter into formal possession till late in August, but the complaisant owner gave Paul a key some weeks before and made no objection to their moving in anything they pleased. So it fell out that

their modest six-rooms-and-bath in the Lorna Doone became in a way a sanctuary to which they went evenings when they could and made beautiful according to their light.

It was a precious experience. Such wise planning it involved! Such ardent scanning of advertisements, such sweet toil of shopping, such rich rewards in mid-summer bargains! They did not appreciate the magnitude of their needs till an out-of-the-way store, which fashion never patronized, put them concretely before their eyes in a window display. In successive show-windows, each as large as any of their rooms at the Lorna Doone, this enterprising firm had deployed a whole furnished flat. Furthermore, they had peopled it. In the parlor, which one saw first, a waxen lady in a yellow tea-gown sat embroidering by the gas-log, while over against her lounged a waxen gentleman in velvet smoking-jacket and slippers—a most inviting domestic picture, even though its atmosphere was somewhat cluttered with price-marks.

"That's you and me," said Paul, tenderly ungrammatical.

Jean was less romantically preoccupied. "I'd quite forgotten curtains," she mused. "They'll take a pretty penny."

Thereupon the dentist discovered things which he had overlooked. "We must have a bookcase," he said. "That combination case and desk certainly looks swell. What do you say to one like it?"

"Have you any books?"

"I should smile. I've got together the best little dental library you can buy."

"Then you'll keep it at your office," decided Jean promptly. "When we have a library about something besides teeth we'll think about a case."

The shopkeepers' imaginative realism extended also to the other rooms. Real fruit adorned the dining-room buffet; the neat kitchen was tenanted by a maid in uniform, whom they dubbed "Marie" and agreed that they could do without; while in one of the bedrooms they came upon a crib whose occupant they studiously refrained from classifying.

"But for kitchenware," said Paul abruptly, "the five-and-ten-cent stores have this place beaten to a pulp."

With this, then, as a working model, to

which Paul was ever returning for inspiration, they made their purchases. It was of course his money in the main which they expended, but Jean also drew generously on her small hoard. They vied with each other in planning little surprises. Now the dentist would open some drawer and chance upon a kit of tools for the household carpentering in which his mechanical genius reveled; or Jean would find her kitchen the richer for some new-fangled ice-cream freezer, coffee-machine, or dish-washer which, in Paul's unvarying phrase, "practically ran itself." They derived infinite amusement also from the placing and replacing of their belongings—a far knottier problem than anyone save the initiate may conceive, since the wall spaces of flats, as all flat-dwellers know, are ingeniously designed to fit nothing which the upholsterer or the cabinet-maker produce. Luckily they discovered this profound law early in their buying, though not before Paul, adventuring alone among the antique shops of Fourth Avenue, fell victim to an irresistible bargain in the shape of a colonial sideboard which, joining forces with an equally ponderous bargain of a table, blockaded their little dining-room almost to the exclusion of chairs.

Half the zest of all this lay in its secrecy; for although the boarding-house suspected a love-affair—and broadly hinted its suspicions—it innocently supposed their frequent evenings out were spent at the theaters. Quite another theory prevailed at the Lorna Doone, however, as Jean learned to her dismay one Sunday when she was addressed as "Mrs. Bartlett" by the portly owner, whom they passed in the entrance hall.

"Oh, they've all along taken it for granted we're married," said Paul carelessly. "I thought it was too good a joke to spoil."

Jean did not see its humor. "We must explain," she said.

"And be grinned at for a bride and groom! What's the use? It will be true enough two weeks from now."

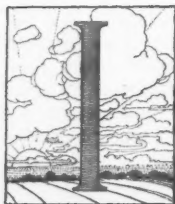
She privily decided that she would undeceive the owner at the first opportunity, but the chance to speak had not presented itself when far graver happenings brushed it from her thoughts as utterly as if it had never been.

The sixth instalment of "*The Crucible*" will appear in the August issue.

The Chemical House that Jack Built

HOW EVERY POSSIBLE SUBSTANCE WE USE AND THROW AWAY
COMES BACK AS NEW AND DIFFERENT MATERIAL—A WONDERFUL
CYCLE OF TRANSFORMATION CREATED BY THE SCIENTIST'S SKILL

By Theodore Waters



WAS standing one day on a "refuse wharf" watching a horde of human scavengers raking down a pile of kitchen waste, when I heard a foreman give directions for the sale of part of the mass; and on asking a few questions I learned that a great deal of this waste from kitchen sinks is regularly purchased by a fat-rendering establishment to be made into soap. At first the discovery was revolting, but on second thought it began to take shape as a particularly interesting addition to that wonderful scientific structure—the house that Jack built.

Everyone knows the nursery jingle which, despite its monotonous tautology, was really meant to indicate certain social extravagances of John Bull in the days of the chap-book. In the modern instance, however, Jack is that great personage, the American chemist, and the house he has built is the more wonderful because the elements of which it is constructed were but a few short years ago cast out of the world's industrial marts as so much waste. But perhaps the allusion to the house that Jack built is not entirely clear. Let me make it so, using by way of illustration the soap incident mentioned above.

For many years garbage was considered an absolute waste and a nuisance in all communities. But at last chemists found that garbage when dried and burned made excellent fuel; that if heated with water and chemicals and converted into "soup" the contained grease could be extracted by means of a centrifugal apparatus and made into soap; and finally that the evaporation of the "soup" generated certain

gases which could be used as fuel. Now in the manufacture of soap there are formed waste liquors out of which it is possible to make glycerin. Glycerin is made into dynamite. Dynamite is used to blast coal and other minerals. Coal produces illuminating-gas, and one of the by-products of illuminating-gas is ammonia. From ammonia we get caustic soda, and caustic soda is largely used in the manufacture of soap. So that anyone with a bent for arranging jingles could easily maintain that

This was the soap
That was made from the soda
That came from ammonia
Produced from the gas
That came from the coal
That leaped from the blast
Of the dynamite stick
That came from the glycerin
Pent up in the soap
That was made of the fat
Contained in the garbage
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Of course it would have been easily possible to join the concluding lines of this jingle to the opening lines and so have produced a cycle which could never be terminated. Such a cycle is intimated, however, and it suggests a certain law of the conservation of substances, a law in which it would be maintained that there is a definite amount of any particular substance in the world, even soap, for instance, which may be used and allowed to run away through the kitchen sink to the sewer, or via the garbage-pail to the city dump, but which, far from disappearing, lies scattered about awaiting the enterprise of the chemist who knows a way to assemble it in its original form. And as the substances which may be thus reformed are well-nigh numberless, it can be shown that the house which the

modern Jack is building is very extensive indeed. Also, it will surprise many persons to learn that a great many of the things which they have used and cast aside as valueless are gathered up and rehabilitated by the chemical old-clo' man and sold to be used over again by the original owners.

No man could honestly swear that he had never worn the same coat twice, because it might very well happen that he had done so unknowingly. Old coats containing wool are now carbonized; that is, they are treated with chemicals which reduce the cotton in them to dust which can be blown out leaving the wool fibers, which are made up again into new cloth. When the "new" garment is worn out it is treated again, and so the process goes on endlessly, as it would seem, the rich man wearing the cast-off clothes of the beggar, the woman of Fifth Avenue wearing a skirt which may have been part of the prison clothes of an inmate at Sing Sing. To be sure, there may come a time when even the overworked wool fibers will give out. In that event they are rehabilitated in a new way. They are made into fertilizer which is spread upon meadows to grow grass for sheep to eat, so that brand-new wool may be grown. Thus we have what might be called the transmigration of garments.

In the same way a man's old shoes are made into fertilizer which helps to grow the grass for cattle to eat, growing the leather for new shoes. And if the man happens to be one of those who wear paper collars he can be sure when he casts them off that they will sooner or later come back to him in the form of writing-paper. And his old shirts? Whiskey-drinkers beware! It is on record that old shirts have been made into glucose which, fermented, produced alcohol from which whiskey was made. Think of drinking one's old shirts, or some other fellow's old shirts! And if the man should own a horse, there is no end to the useful articles which might come back to be used by him after the death of the animal. The list includes many things, from the mattress he sleeps on to the candle which lights him to bed.

And the man's wife, poor woman, has much to put up with in the way of returned cast-offs. Not only may her dresses have once graced the back of a convict, but the very buttons on them may be made of compressed blood. And if her pet dog should

die, let her see to it that it is decently buried. Otherwise she may one day find herself wearing fine white gloves made of its skin. Mastiff leather is regularly used for riding-gloves, and the skin of small dogs is made into the finer white-leather varieties. On the other hand if the dog should live and develop a propensity for rat-catching, she may find herself wearing gloves made of the skin of the rodent. To be sure, her husband might learn that the fur of the rat which furnished her gloves was used in the manufacture of his "silk" hat, but he would hardly be so horrified. Everyone knows the extent to which cats are sacrificed in the interest of woman's desire to be fur-clad, so we will let them pass.

I have already intimated that if she lets her toilet soap dissolve in the basin and so run into the sewer it may return after many days, but so for that matter will the fat which she or her servant throws away. She would hardly be able to predetermine the form of the returned wanderer, however. It might come back as soap, and then again it might come back in the form of a fancy candle. If she buys milk and skims the cream from it, she may confidently expect to have the discarded skim milk returned to her one day as sizing for the paper she uses, perhaps for those very paper collars which her husband used to wear, long since converted into stationery. And the ink which she uses to write on the old collars—let her hark back to her own kitchen if she wishes to trace its genealogy. One of her old pots, long since discarded, has furnished the basis for the ink. Does her husband drink wine? Then let her say "*au revoir*, but not good-by," to the argol, a deposit which is to be found in the bottom of the wine-cask, for it will turn up some day in the form of cream of tartar, which she uses for raising biscuits. If it doesn't come back that way, it surely will as tartar mordant, with which her clothes have been dyed, or as tartaric acid, which is to be found in the effervescent salts with which she cures her headache. Thus in the very source of a headache may be found its cure. Even the corks of the wine-bottle, if thrown away, may come back to be spread on the kitchen floor in the form of linoleum.

If she reads in the newspapers of a line of fine new hair-switches going at a bargain in the department store and her vanity prompts her to purchase, she can excuse it on the

ground that had she not done so the hair might have been made into a shawl or a heavy cloth dress or, worse, it might have been used for fertilizer; for did not the barber tell her husband that he made quite a profit selling the clippings from the heads of his customers to a fertilizer "works"? Why, the very box in which the switch would be sent home was made from an earlier number of the newspaper in which she read the advertisement. If her friends admire the beautiful string of artificial "pearls" which adorn her neck, she might accept their compliments with pleasure, but would she if she knew the "pearls" were made from the fish-scales which she threw into the refuse pail six months previously? If her friends compliment her upon the beautiful hand-carving of her new furniture would she be justified in telling them that the delicate little figures are made of sawdust and glue, the latter formed of the skim milk which she once discarded, turned to shape and painted with color the base of which was also skim milk?

Of course some of these wandering substances would not return directly to the point from which they started. The woman who threw out the fat, for instance, might not see it again until it had first visited her neighbors. It might come back to one of them in the form of soap, be used and thrown into the sink, be carried to the dump, rescued and sent to the candle-factory, to be returned to the first woman. It might indeed go farther, passing through several transmigrations of soul, before returning to the starting-point. Even then there would be no rest for it, it being condemned, Flying-Dutchmanwise, to keep on weathering the cape of its utilities forever.

Some one ought soon to write the life-history of a piece of soap or, now that the chemists have started it on an apparently endless career, the task will presently become too great for human patience. And if the real story could be written it would cast in the shade the most vivid imaginings of the professional muck-raker. Still the same might be said of many other substances. There was a wine-jelly made by a certain chemist who, when its good flavor had been praised by several connoisseurs, confessed that he had distilled it from a pair of old boots. Another chemist succeeded in making a very palatable breakfast food out of sawdust. And he had the temerity to

feed it to his family, who, with a probable eye to his reputation, declared it fine. Yet, improbable as this may seem, it becomes readily believable in view of what the chemists extract from sawdust. A very partial list includes gas, acetic acid, tar, oils, charcoal, dinner-plates (compressed), explosives, wood-alcohol, and brandy. And out of the tar alone they detail benzene, zymol, cumol, paraffin, naphthalene, and the hydrocarbons used in the manufacture of aniline colors. So that a little thing like a breakfast food should not be difficult of extraction for a first-class chemist.

However, it will be seen by this time that the application of the title of this article to the modern chemist is in keeping with the work he has done. Materials which in some industries were esteemed a waste have in many instances ceased to remain a by-product and have become a main product because of the new relations they have assumed with other industries. For instance, gasolene, which is a by-product of kerosene, while it has not overshadowed the main article as yet, has completely overshadowed that other by-product of kerosene, paraffin, because of the great impetus given its production by the automobile. Glycerin was a by-product of tallow-candle making. But the use of glycerin in the manufacture of explosives has made it infinitely the more valuable product. Illuminating-gas has ammonia for a by-product. There was a time when the production of the ammonia was not at all welcomed, but the use of ammonia in refrigeration has made its production enormously profitable. The ancient soap-maker was annoyed by the production of chlorin, which was of no use to him. The modern soap-maker derives a large profit from the sale of the chlorin to the bleach-maker.

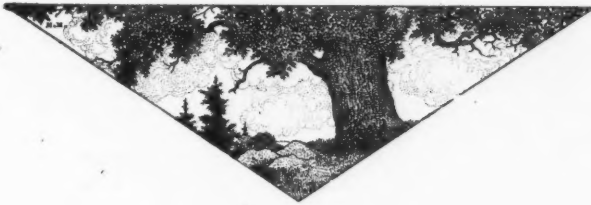
One thing begets another in this tremendous utilization of waste-products, not only in the actual production but in the commercial interests involved. As Prof. Peter T. Austen, who has made some exhaustive researches into the relations of one product to another, points out, the manufacturers of certain chemical substances should have close affiliations for certain of their colleagues and antipathies for others. He thinks, for instance, that because glycerin is a by-product of tallow candles and because the latter are used in ritualistic churches, the churches should encourage the sale of glycer-

erin, since it helps to cheapen the cost of the candles. But, on the other hand, the glycerin is largely used in the manufacture of dynamite, which, in the hands of the anarchist, brings bloodshed and destruction upon humanity, and that is a condition which the church could not well abide.

The shoemaker sells his scrap leather to the ammonia-maker, but so does the gas-maker, with whom ammonia is a by-product, so that a very unexpected rivalry is engendered. Again, the more shoes the people wear out the more will they have to buy. The more they buy the more scrap leather will be made. The more scrap leather the more ammonia. The cheaper the ammonia the cheaper will be soda. And the cheaper the soda the cheaper will be the cost of making soap. So the soap-maker and the shoemaker should be fast friends. Ammonia being used largely for refrigerating purposes, the gas-maker should encourage all industries which use large quantities of ice. On the other hand the gas-maker should love the farmer

because he uses much ammonia in his fertilizers.

The craze for automobiles decreases the interest in horse-breeding. This should concern the soap-maker, who has a direct interest in horses, the fats of which are used to make soap. Also, the passing of the horse would shut off the supply of "neat's-foot oil," which is used for softening leather. So the automobile would indirectly tend to increase the cost of shoes. The pedestrian might therefore be antipathetic to the motor-car. And the motorist wishing to decrease the cost of gasoline, should rather encourage the use of kerosene, of which gasoline is a by-product, but he should hate electric lights, etc., etc. Very many relations and interrelations have been thus traced out along these lines. But to go back to the more utilitarian side of the question, a new and interesting world has been created by the chemists who have given their time to the study of utilizing waste materials, and if we are to judge the accomplishments of the future by those of the past it will not be long before a wasted substance will be unknown.



Discontent

By Minnie Ferris Hauenstein

STRANGE, brooding sense that bodes no quietude,
 A thing of fire and strivings deep art thou;
 Thy touch disturbs Contentment's placid brow,
 Thy voice unlocks the shut soul's solitude.
 Make of thy better, best; that which is crude
 Refine and strengthen, train with patient vow,
 Till nobler lineaments thy work endow
 And effort only ends with Death's prelude.

This mastering malady great Angelo knew,
 And Keats, th' anointed Prince of Poetry,
 While hero hundreds with its spirit strew
 The speaking pages of Time's history.
 Watch well, O heart, and make of Discontent
 Divine dynamic to Accomplishment.

The Theater's Responsibility

THE GREAT FASCINATION OF FINDING IN REAL LIFE THE UGLY PASSIONS AND JEALOUSIES THAT ARE OFFERED AS EMOTIONAL STIMULANTS TO THE VAST MAJORITY OF PLAYGOERS

By Alan Dale



HE grotesque and ludicrously illogical comments upon the alleged pernicious effect of the Thaw case revelations upon the minds of this unsophisticated public must have emanated from those who are unfamiliar with the trend of the modern New York play. It was assuredly so in the instance of the London commentator whose sapient views were cabled to this side. This critic rose, metaphorically speaking, on his hind heels and brilliantly denounced the people who hooted Mr. George Bernard Shaw's dreary "Mrs. Warren's Profession" from the stage, and yet day after day reveled in the nauseating details of the Thaw case!

The London critic was astounded at what he considered the sublime hypocrisy of New York. That he was a bit mixed and more than a trifle confused is perhaps to be expected. Possibly he has never been in New York, and his education has therefore been sadly neglected. In the meantime, it may be said that the outcry against Mr. Shaw's play was justified with almost sublime accuracy by the result of its recent revival at the Manhattan Theater. It returned to New York on the top wave of a "sensation"; it was played without interference; it was a dismal fiasco; it caused not a ripple of curiosity; the critics whose original verdict had been set aside, let it severally alone; it struggled along in the terrible silence of the ignored; then quietly, stealthily, sullenly it folded its tents and took to the "road," hoping presumably for a better and more lucrative career.

Permit me to explain exactly why this happened. The play in question dealt, tract-

like, with social economy. The "heroine" attempted to justify certain classically unjustifiable things by the state of the social midst in which she found herself. It was all very clever, perverse, and iconoclastic. It treated lightly a scourge-like topic. It is a topic that the general public has never yet openly discussed, though thinkers and reformers have naturally given it the gravest consideration. Playgoers were asked for the first time kindly to give their attention to a philosophic debate on the weary question of a plague as old as the hills. Critics saw the unnecessary absurdity of this. They protested. Their protest went by the board. As I said, the play returned and had its chance. It failed. It failed principally because it wasn't a play. Had its topic been treated dramatically it might have fared differently. As it was, the gloomy, ugly, untheatrical, cruel, and nauseating thing simply killed itself by its own intrinsically impossible qualities.

Mr. Shaw's alleged drama was not driven by New York morality from the stage, because it has quite recently held the stage here. It was ousted by that most loquacious of all arguments, that most prosaic of all reasons, bad business. People wouldn't go to see it. I merely call attention to these facts, before proceeding in the direction of the "pernicious" effects of the Thaw case. In the matter of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," I think that many passages in its discussions are worth preserving in the library. It is a good tract to possess by collectors of literature dealing with its particular topic. The stage has never had any use for tracts. This public will not sit out dull discussions whether they be moral or immoral. I believe that even at a series of free matinées of Mr. Shaw's play, it would

have been impossible to fill a theater for any length of time. People can yawn by their own fireside.

But to compare the Thaw case with the Shaw case is absolutely inane. Why, the very reason that this case appealed to the masses is due to the certain fact that the aforesaid masses have become familiar with just such details by means of the stage. It is the theater itself that is responsible for the public interest in the Thaw case. The foolish commentator who insists that this public denounced Shaw and reveled in Thaw knows nothing about theatrical conditions here. As for censuring newspapers for printing the details of the trial, nothing could be greener and more ignorant, for there is scarcely a playhouse among the scores of theaters in Greater New York that wouldn't consider a drama built around this trial as trite, stale, unsensational, and unthrilling.

The reason that everybody read the Thaw case with such avidity was that it seemed to present in real life types that for years have done duty on the stage. Every feature of the Thaw case is ancient history to the stage. The cheapest melodrama that drifts to the outskirts of New York, into the theaters known as the "ten-twenty-thirts," has for years labored with this theme. All the "fancy" titles of the preposterous concoctions that come to the "combination" houses week after week cover just such stories.

For years I have been writing about the conventional wronged woman of melodrama, who always appears in a black dress, and is turned out into a snow-storm, even if the play occur in August. The villain, the hero, the incidental types are quite painfully familiar. To object to the Thaw case as current literature would be to object to the nightly entertainment of hundreds of thousands of playgoers who see all these things on the stage in far more sensational form. Every little gallery boy in New York city knows these plays—these plays that are eternally the same, that begin alike and end alike, and are unlike in name only. Many a time, when Broadway has been slack, have I been lured to the outlying theaters by some fantastic play title that seemed to promise me a novelty. And what have I found? The same old stereotyped immorality that has long ago ceased to be denounced. Always the wronged woman, the wronging man, the hero, and the "types."

To say that the publication of the Thaw matter is unfit for this community sounds like a ghastly joke. The very boardings of the city are covered with crude and vulgar pictures of these plays. It is impossible to escape them. They cover dead walls opposite public schools; they disfigure the vicinity of fashionable apartment houses; they haunt the poorer sections with vivid virulence. Street-gamins jocularly disfigure them, draw mustaches on the lips of the lovely heroine, and place a pipe in the mouth of the pallid hero. I am not upholding these cheap plays as examples of what theatergoers should get, but merely as instances of what they *do* get, season after season.

Nobody but a short-sighted idiot would inveigh against the "pernicious" influence of the Thaw case upon the public under these circumstances. If the Thaw case were dramatized it would probably be spiced up, made more gingery, and fitted up with an occasional sensational effect, before managers would think it strong enough for their public. As for admitting such a banal and vulgar story to Broadway—the mere idea is enough to make one laugh. In that region these conditions must be offered with subtlety, with some "new twist," with something more markedly original, as it were. Think how infinitely more interesting was "The Hypocrites," which ran for six months at the Hudson Theater, than was the Thaw case. When I went to see "The Hypocrites," and the wronged woman was trotted out in Act I, I began to think that here was an old chestnut that was certainly going to fizzle. But as the play proceeded, and Mr. Jones's work characterized itself, I immediately realized that the "new twist" was going to make this play a great success. And it did.

An ideal community might rebel at the sudden intrusion into its midst of such stuff as the Thaw case is made of. But a community that has its theaters filled with this sort of matter, very much accentuated in force and dramatic appeal, must write itself down as the most Pecksniffian sort of transparent humbug, should it do so. And London wonders how a city that couldn't stand "Mrs. Warren's Profession" could stand the Thaw case. This is transparent humbug multiplied by 'umty 'steen. Most of the very worst plays that disfigure New York come from London. Such plays make

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the Thaw case look like milk and water, or pap, or infants' food.

It has not been made clear either that London wanted "Mrs. Warren's Profession." In fact, I believe that its censor violently opposed it. I wonder why? If there is any city on earth where the people are allowed to feed on noxious publications, it is London, with its verbatim reports of loathsome divorce cases. Evidently the commentator I have quoted knows as little about his own city as he knows about New York. Here the Shaw play got its chance—came, saw, and didn't conquer. There, if I am not mistaken, such an opportunity was denied to it.

I sat through one session of the Thaw case, as a dramatic critic. I was bored to death though I was present on its most "sensational" day. It seemed to me the very dullest and tritest and barrenest story I had heard since I was a laughing lad. For you must remember that for very various years I have gone to the theater, night after night. I have viewed plays of all sorts and conditions, in every section of New York. The Thaw case seemed to me like a very bad and very usual play—the sort of drama that one gets a dozen times during a season. I expected to be thrilled, and I tried to be thrilled, and I hoped to be thrilled, but it wouldn't work.

The interest for me lay in the fact that there, before me in the court-room, in the flesh stood the very types that first-, second-, third-, and fourth-rate actors have for years been impersonating. They confronted me, alive and kicking. Here it was not a question of actors engaged at a salary to impersonate the ugly ones of life. It was the ugly ones themselves whom I watched. How many scores of times have I seen them on the stage, far more vividly bad, far more intrinsically dramatic, far more furiously alert!

You certainly cannot blame people for feeling interested in watching their silly, immoral old plays come to life. Think of the boys and girls who, for a quarter apiece, see the Thaw case made into mince-meat. They read the reports of it, but they have been theatrically educated to the appreciation thereof. Critics of the stage pay a good deal of attention to everything that occurs on "the Great White Way," but treat with contempt the theatrical offerings in other sections of New York. They never venture into the crowded "popular" theaters

where the poorer classes find delectation in the presentation of Thaw case after Thaw case. Many of these plays, and I have seen dozens of them, are so filled with exaggerated far-fetched "sensations" that they can scarcely be viewed in any other spirit than that of derision. The highfalutin sentiments of the hero, the ultrablack villainy of the villain, and the double-distilled misery of the heroine never strike a true note. It is always bathos rather than pathos.

But the fact remains that the motives of these clumsy, illiterate, inartistic, and unmoral plays are the motives of the Thaw case, not a bit better and usually very much worse. Real life looks dramatically unattractive beside these stage enactments. It is unfortunate, but it is assuredly true. The famous trial is so lacking in novelty and allurements that Broadway would laugh at it as trivial. In the cheap theaters it would occasion no surprise and not the ghost of a shock, because it is there that just such cases are worked out with unflinching regularity. The dénouement is the excuse for whatever happens during the progress of these dramas. The hero and the heroine end happily, and the villain is punished. Any subtleties are tabooed. Nobody would dare to be subtle in the "ten-twenty-thirts." Nothing varies there. People never seem to tire of the same thing. The monotony of these unmoral plays is so appalling that to many people they are positively and unbudgingly unbearable.

One would think that we have an intelligent, an elevating, and an educational theater to judge by the remarks anent the "pernicious" effects of the Thaw case. One would imagine that New York is gracious and rational in its amusements. That Bernard Shaw's play failed to attract attention at the Manhattan Theater was due to the fact that it wasn't a play, but a diatribe. Many managers knew that and failed to bid for it. The questions it dealt with were those lacking in veneer. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. And they always will.

But for goodness' sake let us be consistent. Let us look intelligently at both Thaw and Shaw. We are so used to the former as a theatrical factor that we cannot be hypocritical enough to taboo his discussion. We are so unaccustomed to the paradoxical persiflage of the latter, on a terrible subject, that we can't accept him for our amusement.



Photograph by F. N. Day

A UNIQUE PORTRAIT OF MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER



TRIXIE FRIGANZA AS CAROLINE VOKINS IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE ORCHID"



MINNIE DUPREE, WHO IS PLAYING THE LEADING RÔLE IN "THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY"



GRACE GEORGE, WHO HAS ACHIEVED HER GREATEST SUCCESS AS CYPRIENNE
IN SARDOU'S COMEDY, "DIVORÇONS"



NELLIE THORNE, WHO HAS BEEN ACTING THIS SEASON IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S
PLAY, "MAN AND SUPERMAN"



GRETCHEN DALE, PLAYING IN "THE BOYS OF COMPANY B"



MAUDE FEALY, THE STAR IN "THE ILLUSION OF BEATRICE"



Photograph by Bangs, New York

FRED ERIC, A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE SOTHERN-MARLOWE COMPANY,



Arriving on Track 10

By Gelett Burgess



THE girl's hand, which had been hovering over the magazines on the news-stand, was suddenly arrested, the graceful gloved fingers poised; her whole body became tense and rigid for a moment, as if she were on her guard against some snake-like menace. Then, gradually, she turned her head, and from a corner of her eye gave an alert glance at the two men round an angle of the stand whose conversation she had just overheard.

One was a heavy, authoritative-looking person with a white mustache. The other was a slender, wiry fellow; it was at him that the girl looked harder. He was pink-and-white and dapper in his fur-trimmed overcoat, and stood leaning against a corner of the stand caressing a curly brown mustache. His attitude was jaunty and careless. With his fresh complexion and his good-natured smile he was almost pretty.

The girl gave but an instant's searching look, but it covered every detail of his face and costume. Then she walked rapidly across the great, bare, cold station and stopped before the window of the telegraph office.

"Can I get a message to a passenger on the train from the West that is due here at ten fifteen?" she asked.

"No," said the operator. "That train has left Worcester already, and it doesn't stop between there and Boston."

The girl walked slowly away. The two men had left the news-stand when she got back to it. She cut through a stream of passengers arriving from a local train, and followed along the row of gates admitting to the train-shed, till she arrived at a black-board bulletin. Upon this was written, "Albany Express, twenty minutes late, arriving on Track 10." The gate to Track 10 was open. She passed through it and walked up the narrow platform.

The young man in the fur-trimmed overcoat was already there, sitting upon a baggage-truck, smoking a cigarette. Again his posture was jaunty, almost picturesque, as if he were posing to be photographed. The hand in which he held his cigarette was ungloved, and upon the third finger was a diamond ring.

She walked slowly past him, giving him another deliberate look behind his back. He did not turn round. She passed on to a point a little farther up the platform, where she stopped, turned up the big collar of her squirrel-coat and held her gray muff to her face, rubbing the soft fur against her smooth cheek. In her attitude there was something as jaunty as his, and by the discerning each might have been accused of premeditation.

The squirrel-coat fitted a figure of most attractive proportions, still tenderly girlish, but rapidly fulfilling all its promises of perfect contour. The white-felt cocked hat with its gold rosette and falling white plume was decidedly roguish, bordering upon the audacious. Her short gray cloth skirt revealed ooze-leather gaiters over small patent-leather shoes. All this, however, was but the setting for the picture of her face which she kept jealously concealed in her muff. So coquettish was her pose and so smart her costume that no man whiling away a wait of twenty minutes would be likely to be content for long without a closer scrutiny. The man seated upon the baggage-truck, at least, evidently did not intend to waste the opportunity. He arose carelessly and sauntered along in her direction.

She kept her face carefully hidden until he had passed, however, then turned and walked slowly back in the direction of the gate. He swung on his heel and followed her. As she came back she let him have a good look at her, and he availed himself of the opportunity without disguising his interest. She herself appeared to be unaware of his existence and walked on to a new position toward the upper end of the train-shed where she stopped and gazed

Arriving on Track 10

toward the yard where the switch-engines were shunting empty cars in and out. In a few minutes he had come up to her and passed her again. Then he, too, paused and waited, looking up the track. They were not ten feet apart now, and she looked frankly at him, catching his eye for the first time. There was appeal in her glance. She took a few steps in his direction.

"Could you tell me if the train from Albany comes in on this track?" she asked.

He lifted his hat as he answered. "Yes. This one, right here."

She turned as if to leave, and then added, "It's behind time, isn't it?"

"Twenty minutes late," he answered. "It ought to be here at about ten thirty-five."

"Don't they ever make up time?" Her delicate eyebrows lifted a little as she spoke.

"Not in this weather. There's too much snow."

She gave him a little nod of thanks and half a smile, and then walked slowly, very slowly, away.

The young man's hand went to his red tie. He tightened the knot and pulled the lap of his collar together. Then with swift jerks he drew down his cuffs till the white edges just showed below his sleeves. A little tug at the lapels of his overcoat and he was after her.

She had stopped again with her face in her muff. He came up to her and wavered slightly. She smiled. He came to a full stop.

"It's cold, isn't it?" he remarked, kicking his heels on the board platform.

"This South Station is the coldest place in the whole world, I'm perfectly sure!" she said. "It always seems ten degrees colder than it is outdoors. I believe it saves over a little temperature from every cold day and keeps it here in storage."

There was an expression of surprise in the young man's face, as if she had made the situation much too difficult with her wit. He shrugged his shoulders, and she was quick to notice the gesture, adding:

"I suppose it's warmer in the waiting-room, but I was afraid the train would come without my knowing it. You never can tell by what they say. They don't seem to know much about it themselves, and they're always so snippy about what they *do* know." She put her muff to her face again, and looked at him over the top of the fur.

"That's right!" he assented. "I stay out here so I can smoke."

Her glance dropped to his hand hanging by his side and the cigarette in his fingers. "Oh, don't mind me," she said.

He smiled and put the cigarette to his lips. "Thanks. I've got to do something to keep warm, besides looking at you," he ventured nonchalantly.

She frowned, and her lips came tightly together for a moment, but she kept her eyes intently upon him, so intently that he began to feel nervously of his scarf-pin. From there his hand strayed to his curly mustache. She did not answer his audacious remark, however, but took a step or two sidewise toward the rails.

"Oh, dear! I wish it would come!" she said, as if to herself.

"Expecting a friend?" he questioned, moving with her.

"Yes." She bit her lip and cast down her eyes.

"Lucky man!" he commented, smiling.

"How do you know it's a man?" She turned a smiling face to him.

"I'm only hoping it isn't!"

"Well, you'll be disappointed, then," she replied airily, and walked daintily up the platform on her toes to keep her feet warm. It was like a little dance step. He watched it, his hands in his pockets. As she turned and came back, her eyes flew to the clock at the end of the shed, over the waiting-room. It was ten twenty.

"I'm waiting for a man, too, so you needn't be so proud!" was his next attempt.

"From Albany?" She bit her lip till it went white. At this symptom of confusion, he grinned.

"Sure. Do you know anyone in Albany?" His voice was seductive, as if he thought he might get her blindfold over the point to where it would be easier going.

"I should say so!" she exclaimed. "My *fiancé* lives in Albany, that's all! *Now* will you be good!" Her lids half closed and the dimples came into her cheeks while she laughed softly, as if she had settled his impertinence.

"Oh, that don't scare me a bit," he replied. "I suppose he's coming on this train?"

"I'm expecting him. You'd better not let him catch you with me." Her look was anything but a threat, however.

He crossed his arms easily. "Oh, I don't

know," he said, with considerable humor in his accent. Then, "I'll bet I know him, anyway."

"Oh, do you?" she asked sweetly. "Who is he?"

"I mean I'm probably acquainted with him. I know quite a few people in Albany. I'd like to congratulate him. Who is he?"

She put her muff to her face again and her blue eyes flashed at him over the top. Then the muff came down, her chin went up, and she regarded him sidewise with a sudden scorn.

"*Sir*," she said, "I don't know you!" Then she laughed in his face.

"Don't do that again!" he exclaimed; "you do it altogether too well! It's cold enough here already." He turned suddenly and looked up the track. "Hello, what's that?" A locomotive was steaming in under the semaphore bridge in the station-yard. It swept to the left and came down a near-by track.

"Oh, is that the Albany train?" she cried. Her voice rose sharply and she put a hand on his arm as if to hold him.

"Only a local." He turned to her. "It isn't time for ours yet."

Her hand remained as she looked up and said, "*Ours*?" with a questioning slur.

"Oh, well, you can have it if you want it," he said.

She stood for a moment watching the clock. "Are you well acquainted in Albany?" she asked finally, as if the question had been forced from her.

"Yes, I know a few people."

"Did you ever know anyone named—Frankfield?" It seemed as if she hadn't quite courage enough to speak the name.

He looked hard at her with a look on his face different from the careless, confident expression he had previously worn. From her face his eyes traveled quickly over her furs, her white gloves, dropped to her feet. Then he repeated the name:

"Frankfield! You don't mean Harry Frankfield, do you?"

"Yes. Then you do know him! What fun!" She positively smiled.

His eyes did not leave her as he said, "A rather stocky chap, with a short black mustache?"

She laughed gaily. "He probably did have a mustache when you knew him, but he wrote me that he's just shaved it off—I got a letter from him to-day."

"Shaved it off?" He repeated her words slowly, still watching her sharply. "Are you sure?"

"Why, of course! Why shouldn't I be! I'm almost afraid I won't know him, at first; but of course that's absurd. I guess I can trust myself to know the man I'm going to marry, on my wedding day!" and she tossed her head.

"You're going to marry him to-day? Marry Harry Frankfield?" He could only go over her own words after her.

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I? Have you any objections?" She bridled prettily.

"Oh, no; I hadn't heard of it, that's all." He turned and looked at the track, studying the rails attentively as if they were great curiosities.

"Then you *do* know him?" She put her hand on his arm again.

"Only slightly," he answered, wriggling free. "I've only seen him once or twice, but of course I know a good deal about him."

"I'm awfully glad! Isn't it lucky we met each other? You know, we're going to be married the minute he gets in, and we don't either of us know a soul to invite in Boston. I wonder if you—" She stopped and gazed directly up into his face, half smiling. Her lips quivered a little.

"What?" he asked.

"Wouldn't you like—to be Harry's best man—if you had time? It's so stupid to be all alone—and we could have a nice little dinner afterward, somewhere. It would be awfully good of you, if you would, and I know Harry'd like to have one of his friends with us."

He shook his head slowly. "I'm mighty sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid you'll have to let me off. I really can't. I'll have to be pretty busy this forenoon. You see, I've got to meet a man on this train, and he may keep me some time."

She pouted and turned her face away from him. He took a step toward her.

"Say, is he expecting you to meet him here?"

"Why, of course! We are going to get right into a hack and drive to a minister's."

He bit the ends of his mustache savagely, and puckered his brows. "Well," he said, "there can't be any mistake about it, that I see. It ain't likely that there's two Harry Frankfields in Albany. But the man I mean used to have a little scar on the right-hand

side of his chin." He looked at her for corroboration.

She met his look directly and said, with a smile: "Why, he's got that and more, I believe. He ought to have a scar across his whole cheek by this time, for he wrote me that two days ago he fell on the ice in the street and cut his jaw open on the curbstone. He'll probably be all bandaged up now. I'm afraid he'll be a dandy bridegroom, won't he! But I don't care. I'd marry him if he'd had his whole head cut off!"

He stared at her again. "Bandaged up? His cheek? Cut two days ago, was it? You're positive?"

"I beg your pardon!" she answered reprovingly.

"Oh, I mean—he *will* be a sight, won't he!" He chuckled inanely.

"Well, he won't be a bit different to me, you can be sure of *that*!" she retorted, in an angry tone. She started to walk up the track again, and he hurried after her with many apologies. At this she smiled at him again, and they paced back and forth together. As they approached the waiting-room she glanced again at the clock. It was half-past ten; in five minutes the train would be in. She looked up at him eagerly and began to talk.

"Do you mind if I take your arm? We'll have to keep walking not to freeze to death, here. *My!* Isn't it cold! I'm awfully glad I met somebody who knows Harry, for I'm just dying for a chance to talk about him. And I have no doubt you thought I was trying to flirt with you, too! Men are so conceited—don't you think so? No? Well, *most* men are, anyway! I know you must like Harry—everyone does who knows him. Not that he hasn't got any enemies, of course, but they are always people who don't know him but a little. Of course, naturally, he has *some* faults; I shouldn't care for him if he hadn't. He's a perfect dear, though. I'm crazy about him, and I can't hold it in, now that I've found some one who knows him, and you've simply *got* to listen. If you want to see a good imitation of a girl in love with a man, you just want to watch me when I see him. See, it's only two minutes, now! I just can't wait. I'm going to kiss him right on this very platform, I don't care who's looking." She looked up at him, her head on one side, her eyes bright shining. She

held his arm tightly, accenting her words with little tugs at it.

He looked down indulgently. "Well, I'm afraid he doesn't half deserve it!"

She snatched her hand from his arm. "The idea! Not deserve it? Harry? Why, I'm not half worth having him! I'd do anything in the world for him. He's just the very, very best ever!" The tears came into her eyes, now, but he did not see them. His look was off to the end of the shed, where a locomotive was nosing in through the labyrinth of switches.

"There she comes!" he exclaimed, and immediately his attitude became alert and virile. "We'd better get back, so as not to miss anyone on the forward coaches."

He hurried her down the platform, and they took their stand a few feet from the gate. The train threw itself down Track 10, panting and hissing. It came to a stop, the air-brakes were released with a long gasp of escaping steam, the porters hopped off the vestibules and handed down valises. The passengers began to pour out and come up the platform in a swarm.

He stood with his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, his jaws set, his hat pulled down over his eyes, watching the oncoming crowd sharply. Just behind him the girl waited, her hand still on his arm. She was almost on tiptoe, poised, peering eagerly here and there, ready to dash forward. Her lips were parted, and the color flooded rich and deep to her cheeks.

The first of the advance guard from the day-coaches came up to them and passed; then, singly, and by twos and threes, the Pullman passengers approached, laden with baggage, jostling one another, and jostled by the porters who had hurried down the line. The platform was crowded now, and the young man in the fur overcoat nodded his head this way and that to catch glances of the crowd.

Then, in the middle of a bunch of travelers, a young man's head nodded—a young man with a short, dark mustache. The head appeared and disappeared again in the confusion.

Like a hound from leash, the girl slipped round in front of her companion and stood for a second directly in front of him. "There he is!" she exclaimed, looking back for a moment, and then was off, dodging in among the passengers, elbowing them right

and left. Her companion was after her immediately, only a few feet behind.

As she passed the man with the short, dark mustache, her forefinger touched her lips, and she gave him one hard, compelling look. He stared back, but she passed him without a sign of recognition.

In and out of the throng she flew, sinuously, colliding with one and another, followed hard by the young man in the fur overcoat, until they had reached the passengers from the very last car. Her eyes roved as she ran, jumping from one to another of the men, till at last they stopped on a pale youth who was carrying a heavy suit-case in each hand. She flung herself upon him with a force that knocked the hat from his head.

"Oh, Harry! Harry!" she cried, and passing her arms about his neck, kissed him full upon the lips. He stared at her stupidly, his eyes popping from his head, his Adam's apple rising and falling convulsively as he swallowed his emotion. He still held his suit-cases, and at last he began to grin sheepishly. Just then the young man in the fur overcoat came up.

"I'm so glad to see you, Harry!" continued the girl. "We've been waiting here for hours and hours! Here, let me take one of your suit-cases! See, I've got a friend of yours here with me, and he's going to be your best man at our wedding."

The pale youth now set his luggage upon the floor and reached for his hat.

"Haven't you——" he began.

"How funny you do look without your mustache!" she cried, and reaching forth her hand, she caressed his upper lip affectionately.

"What d'you think of that?" said the pale youth, blushing.

He of the fur-trimmed overcoat now

began to scowl. He gave a long look at the departing procession of travelers, took a step in their direction, and then returned, thrust aside the girl, and laid a savage hand on the pale youth's arm.

"Are you Harry Frankfield?" he demanded. "You're under arrest."

The pale youth stared for a moment, then a grin stretched itself across his face. "Oh, you can't bunco me!" he exclaimed. "I thought this was a little too good to last! I don't want none of your gold bricks!" He stooped for his suit-cases and started for the gate, the girl still hanging affectionately to his arm.

The man in the fur overcoat turned to her. "Do you mean to say——" His eyes fairly blazed at her.

She put her hand on his arm gently. "Don't hurry away, please," she purred. "we haven't got half acquainted, yet, and I do want you to be Harry's best man!"

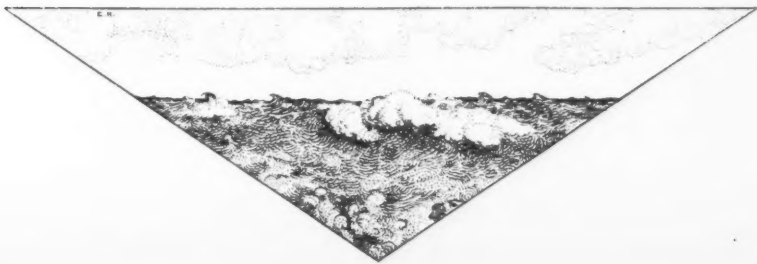
With an oath he flung away from her and ran swiftly up the platform.

The girl turned to the pale youth standing beside her. "I'm awfully obliged to you," she said. "You don't know how much you've helped me. I guess I'll decide not to marry you, after all, but I do wish I could thank you for what you've done!"

His grin grew broader as he gazed admiringly at her. "Well," he said, "I reckon I don't know much about your ways here in Boston, but suppose you give me just one more like that other one, and we'll call it square."

She put her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his. "I guess Harry won't mind, considering it's only you," she said.

Then she smiled. It was the first time she had smiled sincerely for twenty minutes.



Spinners in the Dark

AN APPALLING FACT-STORY ABOUT THE EIGHT THOUSAND WAN
LITTLE CREATURES WHOSE SOULS AND BODIES ARE WOVEN
INTO THE FINE SILKS OF OUR AMERICAN MILL-BARONS

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man With the Hoe, and Other Poems"

Ye laide . . . with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers. — *Jesus.*



N old chronicle tells us that China once entered upon an age of invention; that pulley and lever and wheel were beginning their triumph in far Cathay. We can well believe that the nation that gave us the types that hold and spread our thought, the compass that stays and steers our ships, and the powder that guards our gates had in its brain the cunning to unfold many another secret play and process that would help to give man empire over time and space and matter. But the astute emperor saw only disaster in labor-saving machinery. He foresaw that the machine made by man would rise like some living thing to throttle and overthrow man; that it would fling the worker out of his work and impoverish the many for the enriching of the few; and for these reasons the watchful emperor stretched forth a protesting hand and sternly decreed, "Let there be no more machines!"

Thus it came to pass that in mysterious China invention was rooted out. And perhaps this hoary, careful nation to which Confucius gave the Silver Rule before Christ came with the Golden Rule has been in a way wiser than our bolder nations of the West, which she looks down upon as crude and reckless.

What is the machine for if not to save man to higher uses, to liberate him to leisure to live a more abundant life? And the machine would be used for these humane purposes, if men would only organize labor in the spirit of humanity. Aristotle, "the

master of all who know," sweeping the splendid orbit of his thought, foresaw in the coming of the machine the end of bondage for every slave. He said, "If every tool could do the work that befits it, if the weaver's shuttles were to weave of themselves, there would be no need of apprentices for the master-workers, nor of slaves for the lords."

The machinery dreamed of by Aristotle—cunning, swift, and sure—sprang into existence, but it liberated no slave; it lifted no load from the worker. "It is doubtful," said John Stuart Mill, "whether machinery has lightened the burden of a single human being." But it has done one thing never done before—it has drawn a host of little children into the grim slavery of the profit-hunters. Remembering this fact, there are dark moments when we can see no fatherly providence in the modern use of lever and wheel and screw and pulley that lift and tug and run for us. There are darker moments when we ask whether they were not the dream of Demogorgon, the enemy of man—contrivances "built in the eclipse" for man's undoing.

The labor conditions of men and women carry many wrongs. But the crowning wrong is to allow defenseless little ones to be wasted and work-worn before they are hardened, to allow them to be robbed of the opportunities of this earthly life that means so mightily for the eternities, to allow them to be quenched and trampled for a few pitiful pennies that would not keep a child of the rich in money for bonbons, nor pay for the fringe on the embroidered blanket of my lady's pampered dog.

The machine has betrayed the worker and his children. When invention began to seize on industry, the machine came to the front in England, and drew the home weaver and his family from country and village into the cities where the factories were beginning to take the old cheerful places of the hand-loom at the fireside. Then it was that there should have gone up a sadder wail than the old heart-breaking plaint for the loss of wood-nymph and water-god, the old sad lamentation, "Pan is dead!" For the whistle of the factory was the shrill knell of the childhood of thousands of our race.

A foolish delight was in the hearts of that century over this inhuman shifting of labor from father to child, from man to boy. Children not long from the cradles were put to work in the mills. "Scarce a thing of five years in the land but can now earn its own living!" cried Defoe exultantly, as if proclaiming the recovery of the lost elixir of life. Puny little paupers from the almshouses now became a source of revenue to the profit-mongers. Apsden told of carrying a seven-year-old boy on his shoulders across the snow to the factory, for a day of sixteen hours; told also of kneeling at the child's side to feed the little worker who was not allowed to leave the machine.

England has fought a long fight to redeem her little ones from the worst of these horrors; but the children's children of those terrible years bear the marks of that dread bondage. Descendants of those early English weavers are defective in body and dulled in mind. Three times during the Boer War the military authorities of England had to lower their standards to be able to draw recruits from these degenerate Manchester spinners. And in the days that are coming, when our prophecy shall have become history, mankind may receive from our own land another lesson written in the same terrible terms, may see another testimony to the terrible truth that drudgery yoked with misery always begets a degraded and degrading humanity. Unless we take early warning, our textile mills, our glass-works, our coal-breakers, our box-factories, our canneries, our sweat-shops will stand as the abominable molds of a class of American degenerates akin to the imbecile Manchester spinners of England and the Millet hoe-men of France.

One of the earliest needs of man was to

find a cover for his nakedness, a defense against the winds and frosts that came out of the seas and the hills and the skies. When he could not secure a wolf's skin to cover his own, he wove a garment from flax or wool. Fragments of woven stuffs have come down to us in the crumbling mummy-cases of the ancient pyramids. Purple linen, dyed with the murex, was worn by the Phenicians of old time. Herodotus told of fabrics woven by the looms of Babylon. We have a flaxen stuff descended to us from the lake-dwellers of the stone age, from a time that was before history. Six thousand years men have been spinning. A hundred years ago steam came to their help, when suddenly the children were called in to slave in the busy mills.

It was at the spinning-frames that Manchester began to heap her indignities upon the children. It is at the spinning-frames that some of the worst atrocities of child labor are in operation in our own land. In the cotton-factories the "mill-mites," or mill-children, are at their spinning, sometimes by day, sometimes by night, the lint of the cotton always in their lungs and the thunder of the machinery always in their ears. They are stunted or maimed or hurried out of life by the hundreds. This weaving of cotton cloth may be called "a necessity," but the weaving of silk is not a necessity. Men have been brave in buckskin, women happy in homespun. Men loved and laughed for ages before the proud hour when they first learned to spin the entrails of worms into silken coverings.

In spite of all this, we have over eight thousand children working in our silk-mills. In her output of silk America vies with Europe and the Orient. But let this be no boast; for across the lustrous fabrics piled in bright bolts on shelf and counter, or hung in shimmering, flower-hued garments in our show-windows, stretches the gaunt shadow of the little child.

In the hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania, following the anthracite mines, wherever the coal-breaker rises against the sky to suck in the boys out of school and sunshine, there also the silk-mill rises to draw in the girls from play and school. Because of the greed of the dividend-seekers, because of the indigence or indifference of parents, because of the ignorance and innocence of the children concerning the great gift of youth, because of the forgetfulness of the public

that permits this waste of the most precious stuff of existence—for all these reasons the children, daily and nightly, are sold to the Setebos of the silk-mill.

The anthracite coal commissioner astonished the nation with their revelation of child labor. They found a typical case in little Helen Sisscak of the Cambria silk-mills at Dunmore, Pennsylvania—a girl of eleven who had for a year worked nights in the mill, beginning at half-past six in the evening and staying till half-past six in the morning. Haggard, hungry, and faint after the night's work shifting and cleaning the bobbins, this child had an hour's walk in the chill of the morning over the lonesome fields to her home.

What did the mill-baron give this girl for her pitiful effort? Three cents an hour! Three cents she got for her surrender of sleep and strength, play and study, at the very time of her life when she most needed every budding force to make her a fit vessel of honor to carry on the gift of life to generations to come.

Annie Dinke, a silk-twister aged thirteen, stood up all night at her work. She was thirteen hours on her feet from the time she left home till she fell upon her bed in the morning at seven.

Theresa McDermott, aged eleven, was a day-worker—a "reeler"—in Dunmore. She stood up all the time, and her wages cost the mill-owner two whole dollars a week.

Have you ever thought what it means to be a boy or a girl in a mill? Read these vivid words by John Trotwood Moore; they are better than any words of mine:

"Bull Run and Seven Days were doffers confined to the same set of frames. They followed their sisters, taking off the full bobbins and throwing them into a cart and thrusting empty bobbins into place. This requires an eye of lightning and a hand with the quickness of its stroke. For it must be done between the pulsings of the Big Thing's heart—a flash, a snap, a snarl of broken thread, up in the left hand flies the bobbin from its disentanglement of thread and skein, and down over the buzzing point of steel spindle settles the empty bobbin, thrust over the spindle by the right. It is all done with two quick movements—a flash and a jerk of one hand up, and the other down, the eye riveted to the nicety of a hair's breadth, the stroke downward gaged to the cup of a thimble, to settle over the

point of the spindle's end; for the missing of a thread's breadth would send a spindle blade through the hand, or tangle and snap a thread which was turning with a thousand revolutions in a minute.

"Snap—bang! Snap—bang! One hundred and twenty times, and back again, go the deft little workers, pushing their cart before them. Full at last, their cart is whirled away with flying heels to another machine.

"It was a steady, lightning, endless track. Their little trained fingers betook of their surroundings and worked like fingers of steel. Their legs seemed made of india-rubber. Their eyes shot out right and left, left and right, looking for the broken threads on the whirling bobbins as hawks sweep over the marsh-grass looking for mice."

A large part of the work in a silk-mill is done in a warm, moist atmosphere, out of which the night-workers must plunge into the rawness of the early morning. At the edge of day we may see one flood of little workers pouring out and another pouring in. And the ingoing children look as weary as the outgoing ones; all are worn, haggard, and unrested. Sometimes the night-children are held overtime to get in their ends, while little day-workers wait outside, hugging the walls in the biting cold till there is place for them at the frames.

If we ask any one of these little creatures how old he (or she) is, none is small enough to be taken unawares. All are above thirteen. But their mathematics are sadly tangled when one questions them further.

"How old are you?" was asked of one of these spinners.

"Fourteen," she promptly answered.

"How long have you been working in the mill?"

"Three years and a half."

"How old were you when you began?"

"Thirteen."

Between the lines of this staccato dialogue one may see the easy mill-town custom of sliding the age-scale to fit the words of the law.

Inside the mill there is the constant strain of young muscle matched against untiring machinery. The children at the frames must stand all night, always alert, always watchful for broken threads, nimble to let no loose end be caught in with other threads. Nor must any loose curls or dangling braids adorn the heads of the little mill-folk.

Braids and curls are for the picture-book children; or for the little misses who wear the silk, not for the little workers who spin the silk. Childish things must be put aside by our army of wage-earning children.

The Rev. Peter Roberts, for years a resident of the anthracite regions, states that he has seen little girls before the silk-frames, their short skirts tied close with string, so that they should not catch in the wheels and drag the child into the jaws of the machine. Frequently boys and girls have to stand on a stool to reach their work; although it is said that sometimes in the South frames are obligingly made of kindergarten size to accommodate the mill-mites.

A girl of eight in the cotton-mills, if she is "right smart," can run a speeder, oiling and replenishing at the same time, creeping under the machinery to keep it clean. A long descent this, from Wordsworth's "little cottage girl" of eight, hemming kerchiefs in a sunny dooryard!

The Minnesota bureau of labor finds that in hundreds of cases children of the laboring classes are hired to tend intricate machinery which the children of the sheltered classes would no more be allowed to approach alone than they would be allowed to approach the snarling tiger of the circus.

A Philadelphia paper contained (December, 1906) the story of a little girl who worked for three dollars a week in a woolen-mill in that city. The floors of woolen-mills are always slippery with wool-grease. The child slipped, and thrusting out her arm she was caught in the cogs of an unguarded machine. Her right arm was broken in seven places from wrist to shoulder. No automobile was called, as would have been the case if little Edytha Vere de Vere had merely received a severe fall. Working-girl Sarah walked nearly a mile to the nearest hospital. Her arm was so jaggedly chopped up that it didn't mend straight, and she is a cripple for life. But like the children blinded by splintering glass or the children struck by flying shuttles or the children mangled in rushing coal-chutes or the children unfingered in speeding box-factories—like all these, this girl, this little martyr of labor, goes to fill up that black page of statistics that records the fact that, among wage-earners, the boys under sixteen have twice as many accidents as the men; while the girls under sixteen have three times as many accidents as the women.

Mr. Kellogg Durland of the Rivington Street, New York, college settlement was, by a rare chance one night, allowed to slip into one of the silk-mills near Scranton, Pennsylvania, where the youth of little children is woven into the brightness of silky threads. Not all of us would have the good fortune to slip into those weaving-rooms. They are well guarded from prying eyes. Many of the stockholders of the textile mills have never crossed the mill threshold; and sometimes they do not even know that children are slaving in their own works. They turn the business end over to the manager: they ask only for the fatted dividends.

Mr. Durland reports one little girl, thin-featured, dull-eyed, but always "at attention." The click-clack of the rattling machines, the grind and mumble of the wheels shaking the whole structure, made conversation hard.

"How long have you worked here?" he asked this little creature.

"Two years."

"Do you always work nights?"

"Yes; all the time."

How many weary sighs of the little spinners have gone into the taffetas that rustle at our pleasant firesides and down our pious church aisles! Are not some things bought at too high a price? Instead of bartering the youth and joy of our children for silken robes, it would be noble economy to let the silk art perish, fade into fable, lapse into legend with all the beautiful lost arts of buried Atlantis.

Outside the mill Mr. Durland again talked to the children. One little girl had a simple narrative that condemns everyone of us sitting in selfish ease. "When I first went to work at night," she said, "the long standing up hurt my feet, and my back pained all the time. Mother cried when I told her how I felt, and that made me feel so bad that I didn't tell her any more. My eyes hurt always from watching the threads at night. Sometimes I see threads everywhere. When I look at other things, I see threads running across them. Sometimes the threads seem to be cutting into my eyes."

Another little thing, who had quit the work, spoke feelingly of the hardships: "The tangles were always worse when I was tired. I had to twist back the reel a long time till all the tangles were gone.

Spinners in the Dark

The big girl who had charge of our department used to scold me, and the overseer said he would discharge me if I couldn't do better. Then my head would ache something awful."

Still another little girl said she was always afraid—afraid to go down the long aisles between the snarling machines; afraid of the great dark outside. Those who remember their own childhood will take in the meaning of this piteous confession. The formless terrors of the night are giant gnomes to timid children. The fear of the machines and the unknown Power behind them is only the old dread of witch and warlock.

Chances of being marred or maimed, of contracting tuberculosis and all the long train of diseases that send a girl into womanhood depleted and defeated—these are the burdens we add to the labor weight laid upon the little maidens who work in the silk-mills. But worse than all these hurts of the flesh are the injuries imposed upon the soul. Incessant drudgery at day-work robs a girl of play and rest, and often makes her feverishly eager to rush into coarse evening pleasures, which too often are the only pleasures her training seems to fit her to enjoy. But the girl who works nights is under still more dangerous influences. The moral evils that stalk in darkness dog her path.

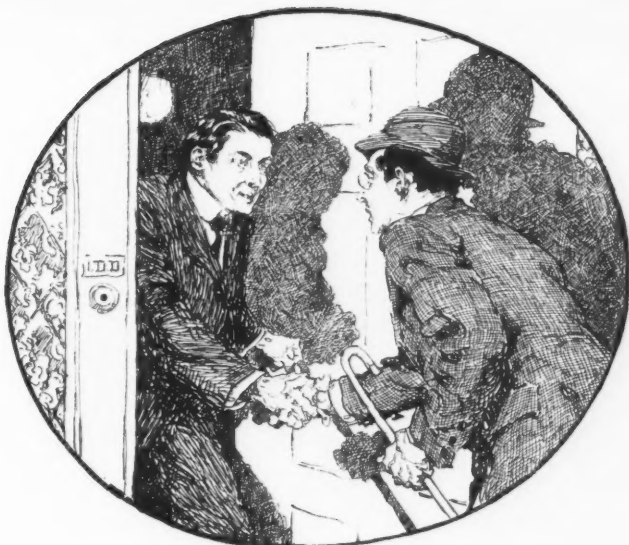
As the child that works at night is never fully rested by his fitful day-sleep, the children in the silk-mills begin to droop and drowse as the midnight hour creeps on. Florence Kelley has known sleepy boys in the glass-works to be given strong coffee at low twelve to break up this wasteful lethargy; and another woman, long familiar with the glass-works, has known boys to be dragged to the "glory-hole" and frightened into wakefulness. In the cotton-mills the little things, worn out in the race with steel and steam, curl up on the floors to sleep through the midnight intermission. But some silk-mills have hit upon a more enlivening expedient to rouse up the sluggards and squeeze more work out of the blinking end of the night. The dozing children are sent out into the open air for the half-hour recess at midnight. Frequently mills are on isolated sites surrounded by woods or open fields. Coarse men working in the mills may go out into the dark with these young girls. Loafers, eager for companions, may be

waiting outside. In these outdoor periods, one or two rough and older mill-girls can sophisticate and contaminate a host of little innocent ones. Chances for unspeakable evil are present. Need one suggest the terrors and the sorrows that may arise from these temptations springing upon unprotected girls and boys?

Pennsylvania is a rich and thrifty state, but many of its vast enterprises are pivoted on the lives of children. The manager of a large mill is quoted as saying: "Much of the prosperity of Pennsylvania is owing to the fact that she has a lower age-limit for work than any of her neighbors. Tinkering with existing conditions would only drive the mills to other states." A manager coming from Paterson, New Jersey, where child labor is under the ban, to a hospitable wide-open mining-village in Pennsylvania, says chortlingly, "I save from sixty to seventy per cent. in wages by the move, and I have twice as much labor as I need." And a manager in Allentown, Pennsylvania, where child labor is at a premium while idle men walk the streets looking for work, says complainingly, "All silk-throwing plants should leave Allentown; child labor is too scarce." The manager of a silk-throwing plant in South Bethlehem declares: "The coal-fields is the ideal place for a silk-throwing plant. You get rent cheap, and coal cheap, and labor cheap, and parents don't object to having their children work nights."

Bad as day-work is for the child, night-work is far worse. But a mill-baron explains, saying: "By running two shifts, a day-shift and a night-shift, we get our capital for three per cent. interest. See?" Three per cent. seemed ample excuse for all the barbarism of his business. Three per cent.! Potent words! Carve them on the little headstones, baron!

"I deplore this business as much as you do," said a mill-baron of the better sort. "But I am part of a great industrial system, and as long as that endures I must run my mills as others are run." There is a grim truth in this silk-baron's apology. He is indeed a wheel in an iron system, a system that must be changed before the child can find permanent relief. Still, this is no sufficient excuse for his inhumanity; for he is under no compulsion to run a mill—not so long as he can earn his bread by breaking rocks on the highway.

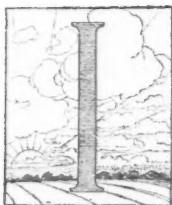


"'WELL,' I SAID, 'WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?'"

Monsieur Rousseau

By John Kendrick Bangs

Illustrated by Irma Deremeaux



WAS somewhat surprised one morning about two months ago on reaching my desk to find upon it a letter from my friend William Rawson, of whose abilities as a retired detective those who are familiar with the story of "The Hammond Plate" are already aware, inviting me to drop in at the Hotel Powhatan some afternoon and meet Henri Rousseau, of Paris—"a particular friend of mine who will interest you very much some day," he explained. "I am living at the Powhatan now," he added, "and I assure you, my dear boy, it is a gorgeous existence."

This latter item of information puzzled me. The idea of old Billie Rawson living at a gilded hostelry like the Powhatan was

hardly to be reconciled with my knowledge of either his tastes or the depth of his pocket. A man with an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year may be able to spend a month in that splendid caravansary if he is willing to put in the other eleven months as a knight of the road, trusting to the roof of the chance barn to shelter him from the weather and to sheer luck in the matter of getting his daily bread. The only alternative is to "jump" his board-bill, and Rawson had always seemed to me to be a trifle above that—and besides the Powhatan is a sky-scraper of so lofty an altitude that jumpers find little to attract them thither. Hence I lost little time in going to him, curiosity to know how and why he had become an inmate of this home of national and international notorieties, rather than any special wish to meet his friend Monsieur Rousseau, lending speed to my wings.

Upon my arrival my curiosity instead of being satisfied was rather increased, for I found Rawson to all intents and purposes permanently settled in a suite of rooms that could not have cost less than a hundred dollars a day, and to the eye this strange friend of mine, who had never been over-careful of his dress, had become quite the swellest looking thing to be seen in a day's march through Fifth Avenue or Newport.

"Well," I said as he greeted me at the door, "what has happened to you? Some billionaire relative passed in his checks and left you his balance? Or has somebody presented you with a controlling interest in the Klondike?"

Rawson laughed. "It *is* rather different from two-thirty-eight," he replied, alluding to his little thirty-dollar apartment on a West Side street, "and to tell you the truth I'm getting homesick. I find myself pining in the midst of these flunkies here for that old drunkard O'Brien, the janitor, with his evil ways, and while I am prepared to admit the existence of artistic values in that ormolu clock on the mantelpiece, there are times when I'd give seven dollars to hear just one noisy tick from my battered old alarm-clock. Come in and make yourself at home—if you can."

As I entered the room I perceived that we were not alone. Seated in a spacious arm-chair where he had been reading beneath the light of the electric lamp on the center-table was a short, thick-set man, clean shaven, and very dark complexioned, whose eyes as they swept furtively across my path seemed haunted by some oppressive fear. He rose as I approached him and we were introduced.

"My friend, Monsieur Rousseau, of Paris," said Rawson. "Monsieur Rousseau is a journalist, and I had a notion that you might be of some assistance to him, Jenkins," he continued. "He would like to meet some of the New York editors and literary folk, with the possible idea of making certain connections here which would give him some outlet for a series of articles he proposes to write."

"I shall be very glad," I said as Monsieur Rousseau and I shook hands, "to do what I can for him. These are rather lively days, socially and politically, and most of the newspapers are pretty well filled up already with special articles both in series and out of them. However, if a man has a subject

that is of real importance there should be little difficulty in placing them—presupposing of course that the writer has some new point of view and knows how to present it, which, no doubt," I added with a nod at Rousseau, "Monsieur Rousseau has and can do."

"I hope so, m'sieur," said Monsieur Rousseau gravely. He spoke with a slight accent and it seemed to me with a certain degree of hauteur which hardly promised that he and I should ever become chummy. His hand-shake also impressed me as being that of one to whom the operation was a somewhat unusual process. Nevertheless, at the moment I did not hold either his coldness or the lack of familiarity of his grip as a count in a possible indictment of his latent capacity for geniality. One of the best fellows of my acquaintance always shakes hands as if he feared the other party to the ceremony were the victim of some contagious disease which he did not care to acquire for his own particular use. It consists of a brief moment of flabby manual contact and an infinitesimal flick of the fingers which, were the other fellow's hand a mere white bean, would project it thirty or forty feet in any given direction. Still, I should have warmed up to Monsieur Rousseau a bit sooner had his own manner been less frigid, and his hand-shake less flabby and repelling.

"Monsieur Rousseau's specialty is Russia," said Rawson. "He knows the Tsarskoe-Selo palace like a book, and he has inside information as to the exact intentions of the government that has never yet been imparted to the general public."

"A friend of the Czar?" I ventured, with a smile at Monsieur Rousseau.

"I have known him all my life," said he.

"You should have no trouble in placing your literary wares if that fact can be substantiated," I assured him.

We then talked of other things, Rawson and I doing all the talking. Monsieur Rousseau, after the first few moments of our intercourse, seemed to withdraw inside himself, and, to tell the truth, I found him a pretty dull sort of fellow. Finally, about seven o'clock, Rawson suggested that we stroll down to the Café Delsherrico for dinner.

"It's a noisy spot with poor food concealed in rich sauces," I remonstrated.

"I know that," said Rawson, "but Monsieur Rousseau has never been there,



"'PHILIPPE,' HE SAID, 'I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER THIS GENTLEMAN. HE IS A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF MINE.'"

and I thought I'd like to show him what a sea-change does to a Parisian idea. A Champs Elysées café on Broadway is almost as amusing as a rhinoceros trying to dance the minuet, and it's a sight for the gods to see our motor-car aristocracy—our autocrats, as it were—brought up on mining-camp food trying to make a square meal out of *omelettes soufflées*, and *ris de veau à la financière*, and Monsieur Rousseau should not miss it."

Monsieur Rousseau allowed himself the shadow of a smile, and expressed himself as being charmed with Rawson's suggestion. Hence it was that twenty minutes later the three of us sat at a corner table at the Café Delsherrico and watched the efforts of American autocracy trying to express its ideas audibly above the babel of a series of "coon songs" rendered by a Hungarian orchestra, whose leader seemed to be carried away with the notion that every feminine eye in the room was upon him. From Rousseau's face it was difficult to tell whether he liked

it or not. But for the eyes, his face was stolid and expressionless, and they seemed to hint only of some consuming inward fear which forbade the obtrusion of any merely momentary sensation. Only once did he manifest any emotion, and that was when one of the waiters, coming into unexpected contact with the swinging doors leading into the kitchen, let a trayful of glasses, platters, and butter-dishes fall to the floor with a resounding crash. Rousseau's eyes went wild with the sound, and his pallor, already sufficiently marked, deepened until his cheeks were livid. He sprang to his feet, quivering, and then relaxing fell back panting into his chair. Rawson looked at him reassuringly.

"It is nothing, monsieur," he said. "Everybody is in a hurry here, and, in a place one of the essential qualities of whose success is noise, as Jenkins remarked a while ago, the waiters contribute their mite to the general store. Here they break glasses and china when there is nothing else to do, just as at the Powhatan guests are

frequently diverted by disputes between hec-toring head waiters and perspiring motormen temporarily acting as garçons."

Thus reassured, Rousseau regained his normal stiffness, and the dinner progressed. When it was nearly over Rawson summoned the waiter.

"Philippe," he said, "I want you to remember this gentleman," indicating Rousseau, "and whenever he comes in here see that he gets as good as you can give him. He is a particular friend of mine."

The waiter smiled broadly and bowed to Rousseau. "Any friend of Meestaire Rawson," said he, "is a friend to me."

"Monsieur Rousseau," said Rawson turning to his guest, "this is my friend, Philippe Maurel. He assures me that he will always see that you are well taken care of."

Rousseau made a faulty effort to appear grateful if not entirely appreciative. A dull red mantled his heavy cheek-bones as he returned Philippe's salutation. Somehow or other it seemed as if he were no more used to being introduced to waiters in a public restaurant than he was to shaking hands cordially with chaps like myself.

"I will do what I can for M'sieur Rousseau," said the waiter, "but alas! Meestaire Rawson, it may be that I am not here for long."

"What! You, the best waiter in the five boroughs, in danger, Philippe? Nonsense," laughed Rawson.

"Not from what you think, Meestaire Rawson," said Philippe. "But to-morrow night we have the meeting of the Brothers, and it may be that I shall be chosen to solve the problem."

"Ho, ho!" said Rawson. "That's it, eh? You 'are to draw lots to decide who shall——"

"Sh! Meestaire Rawson—not so loud, please," pleaded Philippe, lowering his voice. "Yes, it has been decided to—solve the problem. The central committee at Paterson have so decided. The thing must be done and to our branch has been committed the—what you call it?—the trust. At the meeting last night by lot there were chosen three candidates for the great honor. I was one of them. To-morrow night we meet once more again to draw the short stick, the long one, and the middle. Who gets the short stick must say good-by and—solve the problem."

"I see," said Rawson. "And suppose you win, Philippe?"

"I have sworn to do my best and I must obey," said Philippe simply.

"I—ah—I don't suppose you could manage to let us attend that meeting, Philippe?" said Rawson. "My friend, Monsieur Rousseau, takes a great interest in your revolutionary——"

"It is *not* the revolution, m'sieur," said Philippe quickly. "It is justice, that is all."

"I know, Philippe, I know very well," put in Rawson. "You are inspired by high motives. I know all that. What I mean is that Monsieur Rousseau and I would like to attend your meeting if we may. I have been to several of them, thanks to you, but I doubt if Monsieur Rousseau realizes how great an interest we Americans take in foreign politics."

"He will see none of that to-morrow night," said Philippe. "There will be no argument, no debate, no talk. Just the drawing of the little sticks."

"So that if we were there we should not intrude upon any of your secrets, Philippe?" said Rawson.

"No, you could not. It is the silent meeting——" began Philippe.

"The calm before the breaking of the storm," suggested Rawson. "May we come?"

"You have but to show your own membership card, Meestaire Rawson."

"By Jove! that is true. I had forgotten," ejaculated Rawson. "I am an honorary member of the general organization, am I not?"

"We are proud of the fact," said the waiter.

"Then we shall be there at——" said Rawson.

"Midnight," said Philippe. "In our hall on Grand Street. Show your card and it will be enough."

"What is it?" asked Rousseau as Philippe bowed himself off.

"A meeting of the Reds," said Rawson. "It seems they have resolved upon some definite act, and to-morrow night the human instrument of their vengeance is to be chosen."

"I—do not think—I shall go," said Rousseau, speaking with difficulty.

"Oh, you'd better," said Rawson. "Really you had."

"I am afraid," said the other simply.



"'IT HAS JUST BEGUN,' REPLIED PHILIPPE, WITH A START. 'MY LIFE IS ENDED'""

"Well, you need not be," returned Rawson. "As the guest of Philippe Mauvel, the mainstay of the New York chapter of the Paterson Reds, you will be safe as a church."

And then Rawson chuckled. "I wonder if these hungry billionaires here ever realize to how great an extent their tips in cafés like this go to swell the revenue of the movement that sooner or later is going to try to wipe upper Fifth Avenue off the map?"

The remark was apparently lost upon Rousseau, who, with trembling hands and gray face, finished his dinner in silence.

What arts of persuasion Rawson brought to bear upon his timid and taciturn companion I am not aware. All that I know is that at midnight of the following day the three of us attended about as strange a meeting as ever took place in the city of New York. To say that it was impressive barely does justice to the situation. The hall itself was but dimly lit, and the two

hundred or more members of the organization filed in in silence, watched the simple ceremony in silence, and departed in silence. Some of them appeared to be in deadly earnest, stolid and grave. Others with the uneasy manner and eyes of the fanatic held themselves under a severe repression with much difficulty. The only sounds to break the stillness were the shuffling of feet and the drop of the presiding officer's gavel. Rawson, Rousseau, and I sat together at the rear of this strange gathering, Rousseau in the middle, breathing heavily and without doubt heartily wishing himself elsewhere. None of us ventured a word to the others, but as the gavel fell with a sharp rap upon the table Rousseau leaned tensely forward in his chair and with strained attention watched the proceedings. Immediately following this formal opening of the meeting, a door at the left of the hall opened, and three men, each as white as a sheet, walked solemnly into the room, made their

way to a small clear space in front of the president's desk, and stood. One of them was Philippe Maurel. The silence grew even more intense as every man in the room held his breath in nervous anticipation of what was about to happen. The president rose from his seat and with a fixed gaze upon the three men before him stretched out his right hand. In this he held three short sticks of the circumference of an ordinary match, one of them three inches in length, the second two and a half inches, and the third two inches. The three men stepped forward and drew the sticks.

The shortest fell to the lot of Philippe.

This part of the ceremony over, the other two men withdrew. Philippe remained standing as though dazed, while every member of the gathering rose and filed past him one by one, each taking him by the hand and going thence out into the street where, five minutes later, not one of them was in sight. At the end of that period only Philippe, Rousseau, Rawson, and I remained, Philippe standing as in a trance.

Rawson moved over to his side and placing his hand affectionately upon his shoulder said softly, "Come, Philippe, it is all over."

"It has just begun," replied Philippe, with a start. "My life is ended."

Rawson wrung his hand, and we four, like the others, filed out. As we reached the Bowery we paired off, Philippe and Rousseau walking on ahead.

"It's quite a tragedy, isn't it?" said Rawson as we sauntered along, fifty paces behind the others.

"It looked so, but what is it all about?" I asked.

"Philippe Maurel has been chosen to kill the Czar of Russia," said Rawson. "That is what they call solving the problem."

"Poor devil!" said I.

"He will leave for St. Petersburg tomorrow, and then——" began Rawson.

"He will either succeed or be nabbed," said I. "A pleasing prospect for a man of his years."

"He won't succeed," said Rawson. "The Czar is five thousand miles from St. Petersburg at this moment."

"Why do you say that?" I asked. "He appeared publicly at the palace only yesterday."

"Not the real Czar," said Rawson. "Nicholas himself secretly left Russia on the twenty-third of last January. The man

who is at present occupying the throne of the Romanoffs is an actor from the *Théâtre des Variétés* at Paris, who for the sum of a million rubles has consented to take his chances as the prisoner of the Peterhof."

"What?" I said. "You mean to tell me——"

"I have given you the precise facts," said Rawson, and then he laughed heartily. "Jenkins," said he, "cast your eyes upon those two figures walking silently up the Bowery together. You will some day realize that to you and to me it has been given to witness the most intensely dramatic meeting in history. Look at them! If they only knew!" And he laughed again.

"What do you mean, Rawson?" I asked.

"Nothing," said he. "But there goes Philippe Maurel, commissioned to kill the Czar of Russia, and by his side is walking—Henri Rousseau."

"Who is Henri Rousseau?" I demanded breathlessly, beginning to scent the truth.

"Henri Rousseau is a foreign gentleman of some distinction now in this country for his—health. If Philippe Maurel knew what I know and really wants to fulfil his mission of assassination—well, there's no time like the present."

"Rawson," I cried in amazement. "Really? Henri Rousseau is the——"

"Sh!" whispered Rawson holding up his finger in warning. "State secrets, my boy, are state secrets, even among friends. I cannot help what you may surmise, but I can help betraying a cause to which I am professionally committed. Anyhow, until Rousseau is off my hands, pray regard all that has happened to-night as a sacred confidence between you and myself."

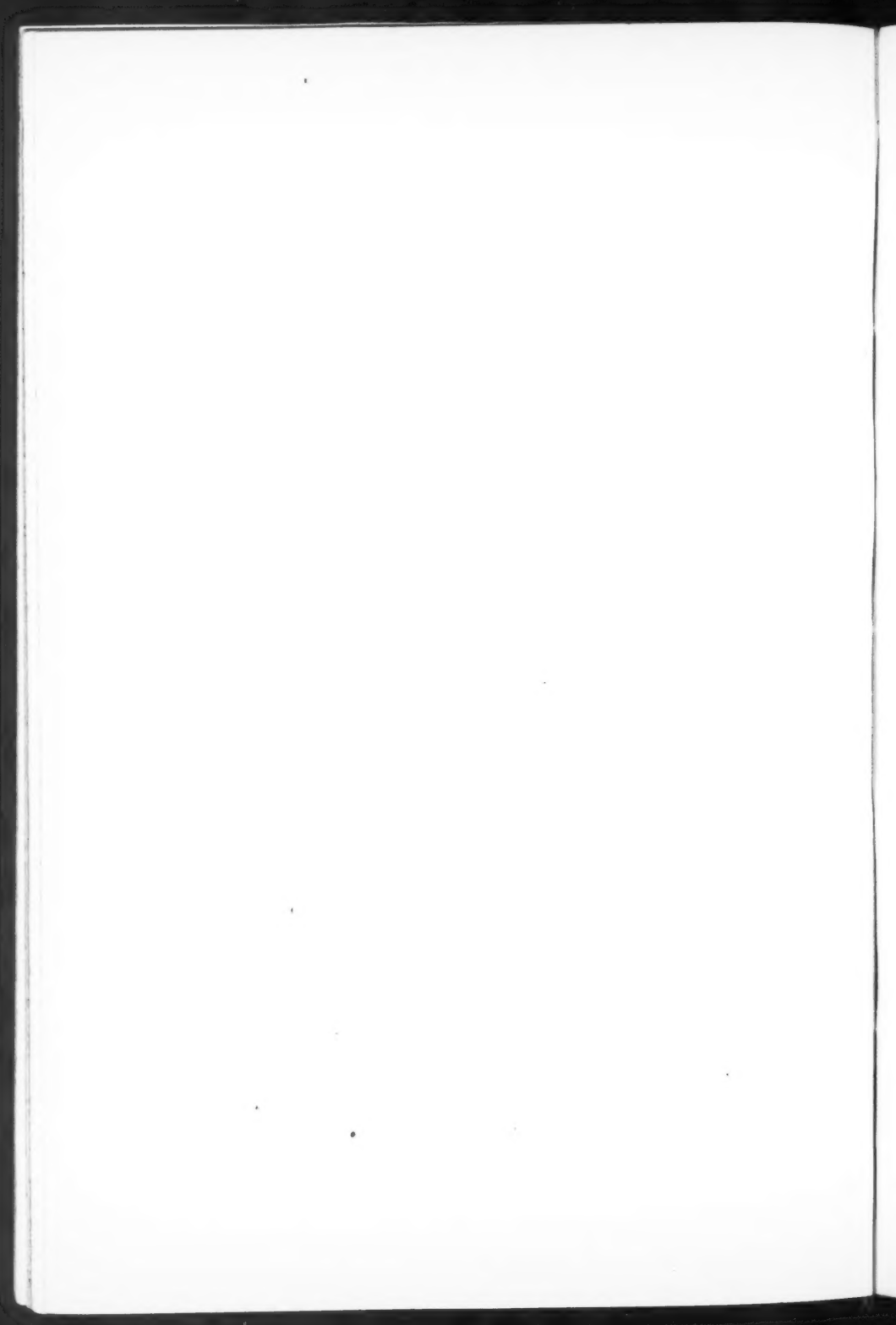
The time-limit imposed by my friend has expired, and it is with his permission that I now tell the story of those two days' adventures. Rousseau is off our hands, and his new neighbors in the small New England town where he now dwells little imagine the quality of the still youthful but taciturn and cold "German" gentleman who has come to dwell among them.

As for poor Philippe, I have not heard of him since, but under the circumstances it is evident that his mission is doomed to prove fruitless. At most he will bag an adventurous vaudeville artist from the *Variétés*, which, I must confess, makes me a trifle sorry for both of them, although I am heartily glad for—Henri Rousseau.



The Mother

THE LAST OF A SERIES OF EIGHT DRAWINGS IN COLOR MADE FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN
MAGAZINE AND REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE FROM THE ORIGINALS
BY EMILIE BENSON KNIFE





Drawn From Life

Outline Stories of Real Romance

Sketched from Everyday Existence



"Peace Hath Her Victories"

By Julia Lee Logan

THE first wan light of day lay along the east when Captain Fleming, weary with the night's work, tramped into the room and sank heavily into the chair in front of his desk. His eye fell upon the letter which he had opened with such eagerness just before he went out early in the night. He reached for it now, opened it nervously, and, holding it close to the dim light, read:

Nacosari, Estado de Sonora, Mexico,
Sept. 5, 1904.

DEAR JACK: The game's up. Can't hold out any longer. Ludlow got cold feet at the last minute and wouldn't go in. If we don't sell now we lose everything we've risked.

So we come out with our skins instead of with a fortune! Our chance is lost for the lack of the loan of a paltry fifty thousand. The Mandells will give us just what we put in—not a cent more. It's pretty hard on you, old man, I know—you've counted on things so. You'll hear from me again soon.

Yours "de profundis,"

SIDNEY.

He laid the letter down and looked hard at the toe of his shoe. He was watching the procession of the things of his desire moving away from him. Freedom from debt, wealth, gratified ambition—all sank below his horizon. He could let them go. But in their wake he could see the woman he loved, and who bore the curse of wealth, giving her hand to the other man—the man who had the price her father would demand.

The door opened and the corporal of the guard ushered in Lieutenant Hornaday.

"One more house was discovered and raided about an hour ago. I guess that's about all of them," said the young officer.

"Order out an extra force to-night," said the captain crisply. "The governor-general's orders are for the closing of every gambling-house in Manila, and they shall be carried out. Have you any further in-

formation in regard to the management of these places?"

"They are all owned by one man, a Chinaman named Ching Li."

"Pretty tough luck for him," mused the captain, and then he said shortly, "That will do, Hornaday."

With the closing of the door the military condition of Manila was shut out of the captain's thoughts, and he sat with his elbows on the desk and his head leaning heavily on his hands. He looked fixedly at the top of his inkstand. Again he was watching that slow procession of his much-desired moving always away from him.

An hour later the door opened and another visitor was ushered in. His skin was yellow, his hair black, and he walked noiselessly.

"Well, who are you?" demanded Captain Fleming perfunctorily.

"Ching Li," came the reply, as from an automaton.

"What do you want?" pursued the captain.

The automaton advanced and laid a package on the desk.

"What is that?" asked the captain, without changing his position.

"Fifty thousand dollars," replied Ching Li, "fer you—plesent."

The captain looked from the package to the donor and back again, then he said coolly,

"Do you see that door?"

Ching Li glanced in that direction.

"Well, you get yourself and your money out of it as quick as you can, if you don't want your head smashed. Sabe?"

The next morning Captain Fleming sat at his desk, his melancholy mood still upon him. His mind was sick with haunting thoughts of what might have been had luck been with him—had the paltry fifty thousand come his way.

The door opened and Ching Li again

stood before him. The captain stood up as if about to speak vigorously, then sank down again. Ching Li laid a package upon the desk.

"What's that?" said the captain quickly.

"Hunled thousand dollas," replied Ching Li, "plesent fer you."

The captain looked at the top of the inkstand, then out the window. Suddenly he seized the package and hurled it at Ching Li, following it with all the books within his reach.

"Get out of here, you yellow-skin—you and your dirty dollas!" he cried, shaking his fist violently, and following the dispassionate Ching Li and his lucre to the door.

Immediately he ordered his horse and was presently on his way to headquarters. Upon arriving there he was told that the governor-general was engaged and could not be disturbed.

"Say to General Latell that the matter is urgent. It is absolutely necessary that I see him at once," he insisted.

A few minutes later he was ushered into the governor-general's presence.

"Well, what's the trouble, Fleming?" asked the general testily. "Be quick. You've interrupted my conference with the commanding officer from Mindanao."

"General Latell, I have come to resign my commission—to take effect as soon as possible. I also request a leave of absence pending the acceptance of my resignation."

"Why, man, what do you mean?" cried the general, leaning forward excitedly.

"I mean, General, that there are urgent reasons why I should do this—and at once. I beg that you will not delay."

"But it's impossible! You're my right-hand man! I can't get along without you! You can't do it!" stormed the general.

"I'm sorry, General, but it's absolutely necessary," replied Fleming doggedly.

The door opened and an orderly stepped in to say that Colonel Newell presented his compliments and he had an important engagement which would compel him to leave in twenty minutes.

"Say to him that I am using all possible despatch and will be ready to see him immediately," replied the general.

The papers were written out and hurriedly signed. Then the general moved round the table, and placing his hand on the captain's shoulder spoke as man to man.

"Jack, my boy, it seems to me that you owe it to a friend to give him some idea as to the cause of this strange act. Are you in trouble, or are things getting too strenuous? Is it too hard to cope with the Chinese gamblers, eh?" he finished banteringly.

"No," responded Fleming, as he moved toward the door, "but I'll just tell you, General, they're getting too near my price!"

Tit for Tat

By Tom Masson

FOR the first time in its history, the Penstoral Golf Club had given a tournament that placed the men and women on an equality; that is to say, they were both put out in the same class, and the winner of the finals was to be the best player in the club, regardless of sex. This had been done by special request of the lady members, who declared that they wished to be placed according to their own merits.

Carson and Miss Caterby were the only two left for the finals. When the event was pulled off the excitement was intense. A large crowd followed them around the course. Carson sliced his ball on the tenth hole; and on the eleventh, with one up, he got in some long grass. After that, he made several bad puts and literally went to pieces. Miss Caterby won the cup by two up and one to play.

After it was over, Carson went up to shake hands with her, but she repulsed him with a shrug of her shoulders. An hour later—when the furor of the affair had subsided—he watched her start round the rear of the club-house to go home in her automobile. He went round the other way. They met face to face.

"Well," said Carson, losing no time, "what's the matter? Why wouldn't you shake hands with me?"

"You know well enough. You did not play fair. You allowed me to win because I am a woman, and you have placed me in an utterly false position. I have been compelled to accept the cup when it does not rightfully belong to me."

"Nonsense! It was simply an off day with me. I got rattled. I did my best."

"I don't believe you. I shall know better next time. Hereafter——"

She attempted to pass him, but he stopped her.

"Listen," and his tone was quiet. "I admit it. But don't you see that it is a matter that is not personal between us? It is a much larger question than that. If you had been a man, I would have won. But you being a woman, I couldn't win. It had to be. I didn't have any motive back of it. It wasn't premeditated. It just had to be. It was natural for you to win."

She looked at him haughtily. "Nevertheless," she replied, "I shall *never* forgive you. Let me pass."

He made way for her, and followed. "I don't ask you to forgive me," he said gently. "But will you do me a favor?"

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm dead. I've been round the course six times to-day, and I'm ready to drop. Take me down to the village. I'll sit on the back seat. You needn't look at me."

She inclined her head. "Certainly—if you wish it."

He followed her out to where her automobile was standing, and waited humbly while she examined the machine before starting.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked politely. "I don't know much about these machines, but perhaps I can turn something."

"No, thank you. Just get in."

He started to assist her as she entered the front seat, but, ignoring his advance, she jumped lightly in. He arranged himself in the rear seat. She turned a handle and the little machine became a thing of life. They started down the road.

"You know all about it, don't you?" he asked.

"I ought to. I've had one for two years, and I've seen every part of it taken down, and put up again."

A long, level stretch of road was ahead and she let the car at full speed. Suddenly there was a report; something had gone wrong. Carson looked over and saw that one of the tires was flat.

"A puncture."

They got out and examined it.

"You have never put in an inner tube?" asked Miss Caterby.

"Heavens, no! My taste runs to horses. I don't care for this sort of sport."

"Well, never mind. I will show you."

The toot of a horn sounded in the dis-

tance. A large automobile was coming. As it drew near it slowed up, then stopped. One of the men got out.

"Hello, Miss Caterby! A puncture?"

"Yes."

"Can't we help you?"

"No, thank you."

"But my chauffeur will fix it in no time."

Carson started precipitately forward. He was about to say something, when Miss Caterby motioned him to silence.

"No, thank you. We can take care of it. Mr. Carson understands all about it."

"Oh, very well! Sorry we can't be of any assistance."

"Don't mention it."

The big machine was off again. Carson, thoroughly angry, turned to his companion.

"Why did you say that?" he exclaimed.

"I'll gladly do all I can, but there's a professional, and he would have fixed it in no time. Why didn't you let him?"

She looked at him earnestly. "How could I?" she asked. "Do you suppose I was going to admit that *you* couldn't do it? If you had been a woman, I would have done it, of course. But you being a man, it had to be this way. I wasn't going to admit to them, was I, that I would have a man with me who couldn't mend a tire? I——"

She stopped suddenly. A realization that she was quoting, almost word for word, his argument of a few moments before came to her. Both laughed.

"You see how it was now," he asked, "why I had to let *you* win?"

"Yes," she replied. "I see. I suppose we'll have to make up."

He looked at her quizzically. "Don't you think, Helen, it would be more in order for us to kiss and make up?"

She smiled. "I think," she answered, "it might be better to fix the tire first. Afterward——"

Amateur Philanthropy

By Owen Kildare

WITH just twenty-five cents between him and starvation, "Dib" Dobbins did not see any roseate hue to life. Leaning against the lamp-post at the corner of Houston Street and the Bowery, Dobbins, lost in speculations as to where his next piece of money was to come

from, was utterly oblivious of the turmoil of traffic about him.

"It's fierce," he ruminated. "I'm so hungry I could eat a dollar's worth and here I am with a measly quarter, and——"

"I beg your pardon."

Dobbins, suddenly torn from his reflections, turned and gaped at the apparition before him.

"I beg your pardon, but I am practically lost and would like to have you help me. I'm on a mission of——"

"What! You're a missionary? Quit your kiddin'. Missionaries don't look nothin' like you," declared Dobbins with wise audacity, subjecting the young lady, charmingly dressed in a tailor-made gown, to a leisurely inspection. "But go ahead with your story. I'm good-natured, I guess I can stand for it."

"You misunderstand me," explained the young lady. "I'm not a regular missionary; I'm a drawing-roomer and——"

"You're a what?" interrupted Dobbins. "Say, what kind o' talk have you, anyway?"

The young lady shrugged her shoulders in annoyance before resuming her explanation. "I'm a member of a circle of ladies who meet weekly in the drawing-room of one of their number and call themselves, informally, 'drawing-roomers,' not wishing to work under a more pompous name. We strive to do individual work among the deserving and respectable poor, who are not reached by the regular organizations, and we aim to find worthy cases in the lanes and alleys of the great city," she concluded, evidently quoting at the end.

"You don't say so," Dobbins remarked facetiously. "And where do I come in?"

"You mean, why did I appeal to you?" she queried in return. "You see, this is my first visit to the slums on such an errand, and presuming that you belong to the locality I thought it probable you might tell me of some deserving case, where I could be of service. Don't you know of such a case?"

"Say, young lady, you don't need no guide to show you poverty and misery down here. The woods are full of it. I, myself, ain't any too flush, and——"

"Oh, I'm so glad," she burst out. "Oh, I don't mean that, only I'm glad that I won't have to seek very far."

"Say, what's the matter with you?" cried Dobbins angrily. "What d'you think, that I'm one o' them guys that can be staked

by any missionary? Forget it, forget it. I always get mine, and if I ain't any too flush to-day I'm sorry for it only because if it was different I could do something in a case like them you're looking for."

"Well," she suggested, "if you know of such a case, why not take me there?"

The request was not immediately granted by Dobbins. The contrast between this refined young girl and the scene which he would show her seemed too great. On the other hand, this odd missionary seemed to be in earnest and, truly, the case he would show her needed the most sincere sympathy and help.

"I'll go you," he agreed at last. "Come on, sis."

"Sis? Oh, how dare you?" the young lady cried angrily.

"Gee, that was a hot one," Dobbins admitted shamefacedly; "but I didn't mean nothing bad. It just slipped, me not knowing your cognomen. Let's get acquainted. My name's Tom Dobbins, called 'Dib' for short."

"I'm Dorothy—I'm Miss Osgood."

"Glad to meet you, Miss Osgood, and now if you want a case that's either gone too far or not far enough to be cared for by one o' them soc'ities, you'd better trot along with me and I'll show you."

They halted, down in Houston Street, before an alley leading to a rear tenement.

"Ain't you weakening yet?" he asked.

"I want to do my duty as I am pledged to do it as a drawing-roomer," quietly said Miss Osgood.

"Say, you've got nerve all right to come down here all by your lonesome," remarked Dobbins admiringly, and led the way through the alley and up some narrow stairs. Familiar with the surroundings, he was already halfway up the third flight when Miss Osgood, from the second landing, begged him to wait.

"I really must get my breath," she pleaded.

Their coming had been noticed, and just as Miss Osgood leaned, breathlessly, against the banister, Mrs. Stone—"second floor front, in the rear"—opened her door and peeped into the hall.

"Oh, a lady!" the woman, sallow-faced and slender, exclaimed as if vastly surprised. "You're a good lady that's come to see me, ain't you?"

Anxious to familiarize herself with exist-

ing conditions, Miss Osgood was easily persuaded to enter the rooms of the woman.

"It's an awful thing to be poor," the woman continued, "with a husband that can't find work and three little children."

Dobbins, at first unaware of the unexpected meeting, now returned for Miss Osgood, but the woman, with a triumphant glance, shut the door in his face.

"You foxy old schemer," growled Dobbins, shaking his fist at the closed door. He waited nearly an hour before Miss Osgood appeared again.

"I think hers is a very sad case," said Miss Osgood feelingly, on rejoining Dobbins.

"D'you think so?" he queried, not attempting to suppress a sneer. "D'you know that that woman and her husband are common drunkards, and have lived on charitable people for years? They're the kind that makes honest poor folks draw into their shells so's not to be taken for frauds, too."

"Oh, that can't be. She told me such a convincing tale that I gave her all the money I had."

"Sure! That's their game. They've got it all down to a science. You couldn't get that husky husband o' hers to do a day's work for love or money. And—but ain't you going to come up and call on my special case?"

"It would be useless now," said Miss Osgood, with some embarrassment. "You see, I gave that woman all my money and——"

"Who wants your money, lady? I thought you was different," observed Dobbins. "Where I'm going to take you money's wanted all right, but more than that a bit o' that milk of human kindness you hear so much about, but don't see much. All you need to do is to be good to the poor soul, as young as yourself, that's never had any happiness and is just aching for a bit of it."

On the top floor, with his hand on the knob of a ramshackle door, Dobbins said: "Here's where one o' your fellow-sisters is going under just because she's been so insignificant that she's been overlooked in the shuffle. Hers is a sore heart—and no money can cure that."

The attic was so dark that it was some time before Miss Osgood distinguished the wasted form on the mattress, but when she saw it, drawing-roomers and everything

else were forgotten, and one good woman was comforting another in distress.

"You poor, poor dear," and the arm in the tailor-made jacket slipped gently under the sweat-shop worker's weary head.

And then the shutters of the sore heart were opened. Still, it wasn't much of a story. Thousands like it are lived every day among the humble. An orphan, she had worked in sweat-shops ever since she could remember, making flowers, feathers, and other fineries for the ladies who lived in that fairy region—uptown. She, too, had sought happiness, but instead had found perfidy, and then had grown tired, very tired, of it all. What was the use? Now, she just wanted to sleep, rest, and forget.

Dobbins tactfully absented himself during the exchange of confidences and returned with a quarter's worth of eatables in his arms. With sly diplomacy he made it appear as if the visitor had been the provider and referred all thanks to her. The meal was quickly prepared by Miss Osgood, who then promised to call on the following day and made her departure.

Dobbins, a few hours later, was again lost in reflections at the corner of Houston Street. "Gee, it's fierce to be broke," he soliloquized, "but, honest, didn't Sadie like that canned salmon?"

And he chuckled.

The Cave Boy

By William MacLeod Raine

WEARIED with yesterday's long hunt, the Cave Boy slept till the sun crept in and shook slumber from his eyes. He had followed far into the Hill Country before making his kill, and had plodded back with the dead buck on his shoulders. Night's myriad stars had been out ere he had finished gorging himself and crawled into his hole. Wherefore he had slept far beyond his usual time before he flung aside the thick brush that filled the mouth of his cave and stepped out for his morning bath of sun-beat.

He was a beautiful young animal in the prime of adolescence. Straight as a willow wand, with rippling muscles flowing free, he stood lithely graceful, an untamed Apollo of the primeval wilderness. The rich young world he inhabited could have found no more perfect representative than

The Cave Boy

this splendid embodiment of the fit survival. The sun-tan of a long summer had left him a berry-brown from head to heel save where the wolfskin girded his loins. As alert, as keen, as the free forest creatures around him, he was every whit as wild. Only this differentiated him from them: he was their master because through many generations of vanished ancestors he had struggled into the possession of that strange power which dimly grappled with the eternal Why.

With a cry of delight he bounded down the path to the gleaming river. Flinging aside his loin-skin the youth plunged into the cool stream. Long he buffeted the current in the sheer lust of battle, flinging the waves from him forcefully as he shot through the water. At last, sated with the joy of his swim, he lay down in the warm sand that the sun might dry his lean nude body. Presently he went back up the path and set himself methodically to prepare his morning meal. With infinite patience he ran a blunt-pointed stick along a groove of its own making in another stick, moving it to and fro so swiftly the eye could scarce follow. From the dry leaves and tiny twigs which he had gathered a thin flame soon crept into a roaring fire supplied with fuel of larger branches. Into this he rolled some large stones to heat, meanwhile half filling a skin-lined hollow with water and a long strip of venison. When the stones were at a red heat he put them one after another into the water until it boiled. This operation he repeated again and again. When he judged the meat sufficiently cooked, he ate a prodigious quantity of it, seasoning it with berries and washing it down with water.

Carefully he put out his fire, lest some wanderer might discover his cave and appropriate its treasures. He then sallied forth for the adventures of the day, carrying his sling, his pointed stone dagger, and his knotted club.

It was neither the snapping of a twig nor the rustle of bushes that brought him to a sudden halt with ears pricked. No sound had broken the vague stirring of the forest life, but his instinct for danger had warned him of an intruder. He glided behind a tree and waited, his sling poised, his club clutched tightly.

Presently there debouched into the open grove from the denser woods beyond a young savage and his mate. He was a

hill man, broad of shoulder, deep of chest, ferocious of aspect. His gnarled mace was not more knotted than the swelling muscles that leaped under the leathery skin. The breadth of his massive trunk, the length of his great arms, told of brutal power.

Lower crouched the Cave Boy to escape the eye of his formidable enemy. His intent gaze followed the approach of the hill-dwellers, who were manifestly on their way to the river to fish. The woman walked behind her master carrying a rough woven basket thonged to her shoulders. She was very young, but as beautiful in her unfettered grace as he was terrible in his barbaric strength.

Since the hill-dwellers had killed his parents a half-score years before, the Cave Boy had fought for his own hand against a world inexorably intent on crushing the weak. His every thought had been to survive, to evade the menace of his environment, to kill rather than be killed. But now a new emotion surged up in him. The mating instinct, the desire of possession, leaped full-armed to life. His young blood spun with the fierce exaltation of his passion. Swiftly he stepped out into the pathway and confronted the Hill Man, a tacit challenge to keep his own if he could. The Hill Man understood and accepted without question. He gave a roar that echoed through the forest, and stopped to await the onset.

Despite the Cave Boy's sinewy grace of form and catlike agility, the battle looked too unequal for the issue to lie long in doubt. He was still but a youth, his muscles not yet hardened to flexible steel, his power still immature; whereas his gigantic opponent was of gorilla strength.

Lightning-like the Cave Boy freighted and flung his missiles. Once, twice, thrice he scored, then tossed aside the sling and bounded lightly forward to catch the foe in the pain of his bleeding blindness. With a bellow of rage the Hill Man sprang to meet him. His mace whirled and crashed down, but his agile opponent leaped aside and, almost at the same instant, forward and back. On the giant's forehead, where the stone bound in the end of the Cave Boy's club had struck, a purple splash showed angrily. Like a wild bull the Hill Man charged, thrashing fiercely in his rage at the alert dodging figure that flashed in and out with unerring precision.

Dazed by the shower of blows that fell on

him, the Hill Man filled the wilderness with his hoarse cries of mad anger. In his rage he was like a trapped wild beast fighting for freedom without hope or direction. Once indeed his descending club caught the other a glancing blow and hurled him to the ground. But the Cave Boy was up and away before he could follow, ducking here and there from the terrible sweeping blows, with the reeling instinct for self-preservation, until the dizziness had left him. Then he harassed the Hill Man mercilessly, tempting him to futile rushes and striking home once and again. The great figure swayed like a pillar about to fall, but his vigilant enemy would risk nothing by a too rash coup.

With narrowed eyes the Cave Boy crept forward toward the blinded bleeding thing he had at bay. The Hill Man struck, stumbled, and went down. Panther-like the Cave Boy leaped. His dagger flashed and pinned the cry in the Hill Man's throat. For a few heart-beats the dagger worked as regularly as a piston-rod. When the Cave Boy rose his enemy was dead.

He looked down at the inanimate thing that had been but a few minutes ago so full of lusty life, and a wave of exultation flooded him. He had made his first kill of his own kind, made it in fair fight against odds. He was no longer a cave boy but the Cave Man. His proud glance swept the grove triumphantly and fell with a shock of surprise on the forgotten woman.

She was watching him with fascinated fearful eyes out of which looked a defiant shyness that knew him for her master but would not recognize it. She was his to do with as he pleased, this slim sweet creature of lithe rounded curves and soft dimpled cheeks. Since he had won her in fight, she was his slave. The intoxication of it mounted to his brain.

But he did not speak nor move toward her. He had to adjust himself to this new sense of ownership, for he had no idea what manner of animal Woman might be. Without curiosity his wild life had known her only at a distance. She was to fetch and carry, to bear burdens and to perpetuate the species. So much he knew; no more. And now in a moment he found himself the mate of this dusky, sullen, wholly adorable daughter of Eve, at whom he looked and was swept by a new sweet emotion altogether out of his ken.

Gravely he took in the physical attributes of his new possession. Though she filled

him with an indescribable joy, he was yet almost as afraid of her as she was of him.

And she was quick to see it. When, daring greatly, he took up wonderingly one of the heavy strands of roped hair that hung down her back far past her hips, her strong white teeth flashed and almost met in the fleshy part of his upper arm. She was off at once like a deer, running free and strong up the trail toward the hills. He leaped after her with the swift tigerish lope of the forest, snatching up a broken grape-vine of convenient length as he ran. He thought her splendid, superb, in the blaze of her anger. But he knew what to do now, and he was ready to do it with the more passion because he loved her.

She led him a long chase, for he was weary and wounded with the marks of a desperate battle. But he ran her down at last, and she turned on him in panting fury. He lashed her with the grape-vine, the while she fought back with all her healthy young animal vigor. But he was the stronger, and of a sudden she fell still, taking her punishment with set teeth till she could endure no more in silence. With a cry of submission she fell quivering at his feet, beseeching him to beat her no more.

He lifted her, and she stood before him with downcast eyes. Plainer than words, her attitude—the drooping head, the flame of color in her soft tanned cheeks, the sweet indescribable shyness of her pose—accepted the new relationship, told him that she was his, and asked him to be good to her.

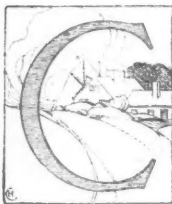
His nostrils whiffed a faint savor of sweetness from her, and he turned abruptly away with a gesture that bade her follow. She plodded after him in a silence that endured hour after hour till the shadows of evening fell. He was stiff and lame from his wounds, but he marched buoyantly with his face to the stars, thanking all his pagan gods for the love of woman.

Presently he knew without turning that she was beginning to lag, and, still in silence, he accommodated his pace to hers. Later, when the wolves howled in the jungle bordering the trail, she crept close to his heels. He slipped back a step or two and his fingers groped in the darkness till they found her little brown fist and closed on it. With the contact there pulsed through him a glow of divine content that was not passion. So hand in hand they went down the path that led to his cave by the river bank.

Christian Science Idealism

By Joel Rufus Mosley

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Joel Rufus Mosley is a young American thinker whose training in philosophy was received at the University of Chicago, at Harvard, and at Heidelberg. Having adopted the doctrines of Christian Science as the true interpretation of the universe, he has, for the past seven years, been one of the most prominent and successful contributors to the literature of the subject. In the following article he writes very clearly and interestingly of the philosophic basis of Mrs. Eddy's system, and shows its relation to Platonic idealism and the more modern doctrine of subjective idealism as developed by Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, and their successors.



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE may be viewed from many aspects, each of which may give a true view of the subject and yet only a partial view. In this paper I shall view it as an idealistic and spiritual interpretation of reality, as an idealistic and spiritual attitude toward life, and as an effort to live the ideal life, that is, the spiritual life. As an interpretation of reality, and as an attitude toward life, Christian Science, in common with primitive Christianity, appeals to me as having at least four elements, which I may name as idealism *per se* and the following finest results or expressions of it: divine idealism, moral idealism, and practical idealism.

As idealism, Christian Science interprets all cause and effect as mental. As divine idealism, it makes God and his universe of divine ideas the real and eternal verities of being, and mortal mind with its mortal beliefs—matter, sin, sickness, and death—only the mortal sense of being which will disappear with the coming of Christ, Truth; with the appearing of the true understanding and love of God and his creation. As moral idealism, it reveals that we must become godlike in order really to see God and his creation as spiritual and perfect. As practical idealism, it applies the truths or ideas of the Divine Mind, in the Christ way, to destroy mortal mind and all its erroneous beliefs.

The first aspect of the idealism of Christian Science, which makes mind, and not matter, the essence and explanation of all things, has the sanction, not only of all the

great religious teachers of the world and a majority of its poets and philosophers, but also of a respectable and rapidly growing number of natural scientists. Religion has no basis, and ethics, poetry, and all the dearer and finer things of life no adequate explanation and no worthy inspiration, except as Mind, Spirit, Love, Truth, Beauty, and Goodness—not blind, unconscious, mechanical, material forces—are seen and felt to be the principle, the soul and heart, of all things.

While to be an absolute idealist in the Christian Science sense of the term is to see man and the universe as "spiritual and not material"; as a recent writer has said, "The first man who saw the world either in the past or the future better than the world revealed to the senses was an idealist." Indeed, every man is an idealist to the degree that he feels, believes in, or sees something other and beyond "the passing sensuous." Strictly speaking, it is not a question of being or not being an idealist, but of the extent and nature of one's idealism. The idealism of Christian Science is the most thoroughgoing and purely spiritual form of idealism in the whole history of philosophy and, with the exception of primitive Christianity, in the whole history of religion.

Before attempting to point out some of the similarities between the idealism of some of the world's greatest thinkers and that of Christian Science, I desire to say that it was through the ideality of her nature, through the study of the Bible, especially the words and works of Jesus, and through her own life-experience and observation, and not through the study of the philosophers, that Mrs. Eddy was enabled to give to the world its most purely idealistic philosophy and its

most spiritual, vital, and healing interpretation of Christianity. Even when one finds in the works of such idealists as Plato, Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, and Emerson words, phrases, and sentences similar to those employed by Mrs. Eddy, their context and content are in most instances different. For example, when Bishop Berkeley said that all is mind; there is no matter, he was interpreting what seems to be matter as a mental phenomenon. When Mrs. Eddy says that "All is Mind," and that there is no matter, she means that the Divine Mind and his perfect spiritual universe are all that really exist, and that what seems to be matter is a mortal, material sense of that which is spiritual and perfect.

Students of idealistic philosophy have for centuries been familiar with theories as to the allness of mind, but, so far as I know, these theories had never healed a single paralytic. But only a short time ago a gentleman told me that the first sentence he read in a Christian Science publication to the effect that "All is Mind" enabled him to see and prove at once that he could take possession of, stretch forth, and use a paralyzed arm. So far as I can recall the gentleman's words they were these: "I read, 'All is Mind.' I said to myself, 'If this is true, I can move and use my (paralyzed) arm.' I made the effort and found that I could, and have used it ever since."

Just as Christianity threw back more light upon Greek philosophy than Greek philosophy threw forward upon Christianity, so the divine idealism of Christian Science throws back more light upon philosophical idealism than philosophical idealism throws forward upon Christian Science. When that which is perfect is come, it gives deeper meaning and greater value to that which is less perfect, and thus fulfils while doing away with the less perfect. The ideality of the Greek nation found its most perfect incarnation in the life of Socrates, and its finest interpretation in the works of Plato. Plato, in common with all metaphysical idealists, made reason or mind the basis of all things. He taught that real being is knowable as well as mental. Although Plato did not entirely get rid of matter (he regarded matter as "spurious reason"), he is committed to the view that "Spirit and Spirit only is absolute." While he did not see the full, rich content of Spirit, or Mind, that Christianity and Christian Science

reveal, he saw that Mind and its ideas were alone absolutely real and the only objects of real, or scientific, knowledge. The world cognized by the physical senses is only a world of opinions and is not an object of exact knowledge, or science. It is by virtue of reason, and not of sensuous perception, that we know real being.

Plato had a vision of the perfectly just man and the persecutions he would most likely suffer at the hands of evil men, whose evils he would rebuke by his life and teachings, that reminds one of some of the prophecies of Isaiah. He saw the mental origin of some, if not all, of the discords of the body, and recommended temperance as a curative, as well as a preventive, of disease. He taught that the soul more than the body needs doctoring. "If," as Mrs. Eddy says, in referring to Plato, "that pagan philosopher had understood that physical sense, not Soul, causes all bodily ailments, his philosophy would have yielded to Science."

But while some of the teachings of Plato are similar to those of primitive Christianity and of Christian Science, neither of these drew its inspiration from him nor from any other of the philosophers. Philosophers may give support, intelligent direction, or even birth to religious conceptions, but in so far as they were speculative philosophers, they have never founded true, vital, and healing religions. Whenever speculative philosophy employs the language of "pure and undefiled religion," it still lacks the life-giving power and spirit of true religion, which is Truth and Love in deeds, even more than in words. Yet, as St. Paul says, there is a "divine philosophy" which is "concerned with the hidden purpose of God—that long-hidden philosophy which God, before time began, destined for our glory." While philosophers and poets have had real glimpses of the truths of this philosophy, these truths have to be lived in order to be known in all of their deeper and more vital meaning.

Hegel, the greatest of modern speculative metaphysical idealists, transcended the dualism of Plato and Aristotle and other previous thinkers and reached the conception of absolute idealism, though not purely spiritual or Christian idealism. So far as I comprehend and can summarize Hegel's point of view, it is this: The whole universe as it appears in time and space, as well as it exists in God's mind, and the

whole of human history, as well as that part of history which is regarded as spiritual, are the revelations or manifestations of infinite Spirit. "The universe is rational through and through, even to the smallest detail." The task of philosophy, according to Hegel, therefore, is to understand "what is," and not to reform the world, for "what is" is rational and right. "The consummation of the infinite end consists in merely removing the illusion which makes it seem still unaccomplished."

Hegel, by making God's (Spirit's) allness include, rather than exclude, the human sense of matter and imperfection, failed to escape pantheism, and thus failed to reach a purely spiritual conception of God, man, and the universe. To make God's allness include any element of imperfection or evil gives no basis for overcoming this imperfection or evil. The best we could hope for from such a philosophy of pantheistic idealism would be such a change of attitude toward what we had formerly regarded as evil that it would no longer seem evil but good. But this is not the idealism of Christian Science, which makes God, Spirit, and his universe of spiritual ideas all in all, and which works to overcome and to annihilate the sense of evil, the carnal mind, materiality, sin, sickness, and death.

Emerson, the most certain, radiant, and joyous of all the philosophical idealists, also failed to grasp the purely spiritual, vital, and demonstrable idealism of Christianity or of Christian Science; but it seems to me that he came nearer grasping it than any other Platonic idealist. With Emerson, God is the Divine Mind, and nature the universal parable and symbol. But nature, viewed apart from God, "is cruel and unspiritual." Man, when he is obedient, when "he yields to the remedial force of spirit, is lifted above evil, and evil is seen no more."

Speaking of "the ideas," or "the thoughts of the Supreme Being," Emerson says: "These are they who were set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was." "No man touches these divine natures without becoming in some degree divine. . . . They renew the body. We became physically nimble and lightsome. . . . No man fears age, misfortune, or death in their serene company, for he is transported out of the district of change."

So far, we have considered idealism only as a metaphysical interpretation of the ultimate nature of being. That aspect of the idealism of Christian Science which deals with the ultimate and real nature of being is known as the Science of Being. We shall now turn our attention more directly to idealism considered as a "theory of knowledge," or as the Science of Mind. In the idealism of Christian Science the Science of Being and the Science of Mind combine as one. Mind is both the knower and the known. God, Mind, immediately and eternally knows his ideas, or creation, and through Mind and Mind's faculties we know God and his other ideas or manifestations.

But while the idealism of Christian Science is based upon spiritual insight and revelation, rather than sensuous perception or any mere theory of knowledge, it is a deeply significant fact that modern philosophy and science have been and are preparing the human mind to accept a purely idealistic interpretation of how we know as well as of what we know. Locke, the forerunner of modern empirical psychology, says, "The mind in all of its thoughts and reasonings hath no other immediate object but its own ideas, which it alone can or does contemplate." Bishop Berkeley, the recognized apostle of subjective idealism, the theory that what is supposed and believed to be matter is nothing apart from the mind which perceives it, so far as I can summarize his point of view, taught that all we know, all that we can know, all that there is to know, is mind and the qualities and ideas of mind.

Kant, the ablest exponent of philosophy as a theory of knowledge, demonstrated that the human sense of time, space, and causality is subjective, and that "the laws of nature which physical science studies are the creations of our own understanding, acting upon the data of the senses." The phenomenal, so-called physical, world is not the real world, but a sensuous mental image of the real world. Time and space arise because of our finiteness. Since we are unable to see all things at once, we see them as a succession of, and as an extension of, experiences. This succession of finite experiences is time; this extension is space. The order of experience as antecedent and consequent gives rise to the idea of cause and effect. To an infinite mind, that em-

braces all things in one instant of consciousness, there is no time and no space. A billion years are as a second and a second as a billion years. While I do not think that Kant drew this inference, one can readily see that what God sees once he sees for all eternity, and sees as perfect as well as perfectly. If Kant had seen this, his philosophy would have reached the pure divine idealism of the first chapter of Genesis, where God is reported to have made all things and to have made all things, like himself, "good," and "very good," and it would also have reached the divine idealism of Christian Science, which teaches that God, from necessity and for all eternity, sees his creation as all and as perfect.

Condillac, one of the ablest and most logical exponents of materialism, "was constrained to say," "Though we should soar into the heavens, though we should sink into an abyss, we never go out of ourselves; it is always our own thoughts we perceive." John Fiske, our best known interpreter of evolutionary philosophy and science, came to the same conclusion that Clifford, the brilliant English mathematician and physicist, reached, that "the whole mechanical evolutionary process exists only as a series of changes in consciousness." He also came to the same conclusion that Berkeley had reached before him, that "apart from consciousness there are no such things as color, form, position, or hardness, and no such thing as matter." Huxley spoke of matter as "the unknown hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness." Professor Oswald, an eminent chemist in the University of Leipsic, in an article published a few years ago, said, "Matter is a thing of thought which we have constructed rather imperfectly to represent what is permanent in the change of phenomena."

Numerous other citations from representative modern and present-day thinkers could be made to show that the aspect of Christian Science which explains all cause and effect as mental and not material has the sanction of certain marked tendencies in the history of modern natural science, and that it is supported by the final outcome of the whole history of modern speculative philosophy. It must be remembered, however, that the mere recognition and acceptance of this teaching does not, of itself, help us in any practical way to overcome matter and its so-called laws. Its chief value is

that it is an intellectual, if not a spiritual, preparation for the greater and more important steps beyond this, namely, divine idealism, moral idealism, and practical idealism.

When we see that all is mind and mental, we ought to be ready to see that the same mind does not tempt us to sin, punish us for sin, and rescue us from sin; that the same mind does not make us sick and heal us of our diseases; that the same mind does not give us life and kill us; that the same mind did not crucify Jesus and raise him from the dead; that the same fountain (mind) does not send forth bitter waters and sweet waters. When this is seen, we are ready to make the separation between the spiritual mind and the carnal mind, the mind which was in Christ Jesus and the mind which was in those who persecuted, condemned, and crucified the human Jesus; the Immortal Mind and its universe of pure, perfect, and immortal ideas and the mortal mind and its seeming world of imperfections.

The divine idealism of Christian Science not only escapes pantheism by making this separation between good and evil, the spiritual and the material, the immortal and the mortal, the real and the unreal, but it reveals the Christ way and the possibility of overcoming all evil with good and thus bringing to light God and his perfect creation as the only facts of being. It makes clear what is to be overcome, how to overcome it, and gives the assurance of victory. It thus adds to the most perfect idealism the most perfect optimism. It also inspires its adherents to make its idealism practical, not only in reforming the sinner, comforting the mourner, and healing the sick, but in every activity and relationship of life. Even those who have failed to understand Christian Science and have condemned what they judged to be its teachings, have in many instances been constrained to recognize its immense practical power for good and to admit that the fruit of its teachings is good, is of the Spirit.

The purely spiritual and divine idealism of Christian Science is based upon the Christian conception of God, man, and the universe; upon the conception that God is the perfect Father of man and the self-conscious and self-determining Principle of man and the universe; that God is all-good, all-powerful, all-wise and ever-present Mind, Spirit, Life, Truth, and Love; and

that God made all that was, is, or can be made, and made all things, like himself, "good," and "very good," spiritual, harmonious, and eternal. As previously indicated, Christian Science reveals that, since God is above the finite sense of time and space and all limitations of ignorance and evil, since he is unchanging in his perfection of being, action, and thought, whatever he sees once he sees forever. The universe, including man, is, therefore, always perfect in the mind of God; as God made it, sustains it, sees it, as it really exists.

The divine idealism of Christian Science, by revealing a perfect universe of divine ideas, restores as well as fulfils the original meaning of the ideal, namely, the perfect idea of the Divine Mind. God's perfect idea and ideal are seen to be one. The ideal and the real are also seen to be one. Christ is God's absolutely real, as well as ideal, manifestation. The new spiritual and perfect earth, heavens, and man are not only true ideas of, and ideals for, the earth, the heavens, and man, but they are also the real, and only absolutely real, earth, heavens, and man. The ideal, instead of being a creation of the human mind, is a revelation of what is eternally real to God and what will be real to us as we see things as they are, as they exist in the Divine Mind. The false, material, and imperfect concepts of God, man, and the universe are the creations of the human mind. These concepts are always unreal in the sense that they are not true, however true and real they may appear to us, until Christ, Truth, reveals their untruth, or falsity, or unreality. Strictly speaking, there can be but one absolutely true and real conception of anything, namely, the conception of the Divine Mind. All other conceptions must finally disappear to give place to God's perfect conception, idea, or ideal. As his true and perfect conceptions, ideas, and ideals are perceived, apprehended, and loved, there will be no more imperfect and changing beliefs and false concepts of being, "no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." The problem of evil will be solved through the full appearing of God, good, and his perfect creation, and the disappearance of evil.

The divine idealism of Christian Science is, too, peculiarly positive in its nature and outcome. It does not destroy anything but the false, ignorant, sinful, deceived, and deceiving sense of being; and it does this to bring to light, and by bringing to light, the real, true, and perfect sense. While its ultimate aim is wholly to do away with the "old man" and his sinful deeds, fully to reveal the "new man" in the image and likeness of God, and completely to remove the imperfect sense of everything, that the perfect may appear and abide forever, in attaining to this goal or ideal it heals the sick, raises the dying, reforms the sinner, and so ameliorates and improves human conditions that this world (the human sense of the real universe) becomes more and more like the new (real) heavens and the new (real) earth. All that is true and beautiful and good in our human life-experiences is fulfilled and not destroyed by the appearing of Him and that which is wholly true, lovely, and good.

As the reader has of course recognized, the emphasis of this article has been placed upon divine rather than moral and practical idealism. If the opportunity were mine I should elaborate correspondingly the two latter ideas. Such an elaboration would include a comparison of the moral and practical idealism of Christian Science with other assertions and projections of practical idealism in history and literature. It would also develop what has been implied, if not definitely stated, throughout the whole of this paper, namely, that moral idealism—the conception that we must become god-like in order to see and realize the allness and goodness of God and the unreality of evil—is also a corollary or necessary inference of divine idealism. It would attempt to make clear that in our human experience we know God and his perfect creation, including our own perfect spiritual selfhood, and eliminate the sense of evil, in proportion as we become pure, honest, truthful, unselfish, and loving; it would show also that we become god-like as we yield and respond to God and the things of God. The spiritualization and redemption of one's consciousness, which this relationship must of necessity bring to pass, is precisely what we mean by "the salvation of the world."





Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce



Some Sober Words on Slang

SOMEWHAT more than a generation ago John Camden Hotten, of London, a publisher of "rare and curious books," put out a slang dictionary. If my memory serves, its compiler-in-chief was that accomplished scholar, George Augustus Sala. It was afterward revised by Henry Sampson, famous later as an authority in matters of sport, to whom I gave such assistance as my no scholarship and little sportsmanship permitted. The volume was a "thick" one, but contained little that in this country and period we know (and suffer) as "slang." Slang, as the word was then used, is defined in the Century Dictionary thus: "The cant words or jargon used by thieves, peddlers, beggars, and the vagabond classes generally."

To-day we mean by it something different and more offensive. It is no longer the *argot* of criminals and semi-criminals, "whom one does not meet," and whose distance—when they keep it—lends a certain enchantment to their talk, but the intolerable diction of more or less respectable persons who obey all laws but those of taste. In its present generally accepted meaning the word is thus defined by the authority already quoted: "Colloquial words and phrases which have originated in the cant or rude speech of the vagabond or unlettered classes, or, belonging in form to standard speech, have acquired or have had given them restricted, capricious, extravagantly metaphorical meanings, and are regarded as vulgar or inelegant."

It is not altogether comprehensible how a sane intelligence can choose to utter itself in that kind of speech, yet speech of that kind seems almost to be driving good English out of popular use. Among large classes of our countrymen, it is held in so high esteem that whole books of it are put upon the market with profit to author and publisher. One of the most successful of these, reprinted

from many of our leading newspapers, is called, I think, "Fables in Slang"—containing, by the way, nothing that resembles a fable. This unspeakable stuff made its author rich, and naturally he "syndicated" a second series of the same. Another was entitled "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," and contained not a line of clean English. And it is hardly an exaggeration to say that in this country the writing of humorous and satirical verse is a lost art; slang has taken the place of wit; the jest that smacks not of the slum finds no prosperity in any ear.

Slang has as many hateful qualities as a dog bad habits, but its essential vice is its hideous lack of originality; for until a word or phrase is common property it is not slang. Wherein, then, is the sense or humor of repeating it? The dullest dunce in the world may have an alert and obedient memory for current locutions. For diabolical skill in the use of slang no other mental equipment is required. However apt and picturesque a particular expression may be, the wit of it is his only who invented and first used it; in all others its use is forbidden by the commandment "Thou shalt not steal." A self-respecting writer would no more parrot a felicitous saying of unknown origin and popular currency than he would plagiarize a lively sentiment from Catullus or an epigram from Pope.

Grave advocacy of slang is not lacking. It is not long since a learned professor in one of our universities uttered the solemn intimation that if the author of the Scriptures had lived in our time he would have substituted for certain admired expressions expressions more admirable from the vocabulary of slang, which the more fortune-favored writer had the goodness to point out. He was especially charmed with the phrase "bats in his belfry," and would indubitably substitute it for "possessed of a devil," the Scriptural diagnosis of insanity. I don't think the good man meant to be irreverent, but I should not care for his Revised Edition.

A Prophet of Peace

"THE world is young, perverse, and bad,
The virtues all are wanting;
The gods are dead and men are mad
And wickedness is haunting
The human heart, an honored guest,
As robbers of the night infest
A wayside inn in Camilhad.

"Hate walks the earth all unafraid,
And neighbor murders neighbor;
Greed draws on Greed the battle-blade,
And Labor strangles Labor.
The widow and the orphan cry
For bread while benefactors ply,
Unlashed by law, their dreadful trade.

"King, president, and patriot
Serve their accurst ambition;
The soldier and the *sans-culotte*,
The priest and politician,
Are blowing with impested breath
The coals of war that sparkle death.
Peace, righteousness, and love are not.

"It's O to live to see the day
Whose golden dawn is breaking!
The reign of war no more shall lay
Our dust, nor hearts be aching.
Lo! all mankind in brotherhood
Shall study only to be good,
And fling the sword of self away!"

So chanted one inspired, and fain
His message to deliver
To men who toiled upon the plain
And bled along the river,
And all the world was red with crime!
This prophet lived about the time
That Lamech's wife bare Tubal-cain.

In Fable Form

"MADAM," said the magistrate, "your refined manner and rich attire are not suggestive of poverty as an aggravation of your crime; this court is indisposed to harshness in dealing with one of so evident respectability. Go home and sin no more."

"Alas," replied the prisoner, "I am president of the Married Women's Domesticity Club and have no home."

"Then return to your elegant residence and sin no more."

A dog that had been engaged in pursuit of his own tail abandoned the chase and lying down curled up for repose. In his new posture he found his tail within easy reach of his teeth and seized it with avidity, but immediately released it, wincing with pain.

"After all," he said, "in seeking gratification of an imaginary appetite there is more joy in pursuit than in possession."

A member of his Majesty's Opposition in the Patagascarene parliament was seen coming out of the palace of the Grand Panjandrum, whither he had been summoned.

"Have you anything to say for publication?" asked a reporter.

"Not very much," replied the statesman absently. "I have joined the Majority."

"Good heavens!" the reporter cried; "is that possible?"

"Yes," said the statesman, "he has called me a liar."

The spot is still pointed out to the traveler.

A man having the Kairnaggy medal for heroism was asked to relate the feat by which he had earned it.

"I sometimes save human life," he said modestly.

"But the particular instance that the medal attests?"

"I am a sheriff. Heading a posse of citizens in pursuit of a notorious bandit and his gang, I came to a fork of the road, where he had led his rogues to the left. I led mine to the right."

The king of the Faraway Islands appointed his horse prime minister and rode a man. Observing that under the new order of things the realm prospered, an aged statesman advised the king to turn himself out to grass and put an ox upon the throne.

"No," said the sovereign thoughtfully, "a good principle may be pushed to an injurious extreme. True reform stops short of revolution."

A recreant citizen of a great republic went abroad, hoping to shine in "the fierce light that beats upon a throne." While intriguing to be presented at the court of a flyspeck principality, he fell asleep and dreamed that he was visited by an angel wearing the robes of a lord high chamberlain.

"Come," said the angel; "I will present you to all the crowned heads of Europe."

Miraculously conveyed through the air, they arrived at the portal of a vast building. The visitor's name and his rank in the order of the Dukes of Trade were announced, the great iron doors swung open, and he found himself in the presence of all the crowned heads of Europe. The bodies had been carted away by the public scavenger.

The royal pageant so disappointed him that he awoke with a sigh, and returning to the land of the free, he plunged into patriotism, became a leader of the Mobocratic party, and died an illustrious citizen with both hands in the public treasury.

The Writers Written

SECRETARY ROOT'S famous speech advocating obliteration of state lines by interpretation of the Constitution, and the President's many utterances in assent, are not so original as many have thought, however they may seem to support the doctrine of original sin. On the last page of Prof. W. M. Sloane's monumental "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," published in 1896, is the passage following, from which these worthies evidently derived their whole mischievous political faith:

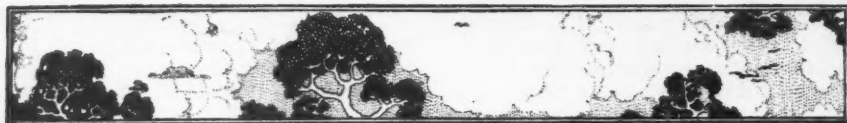
"That momentous step [the purchase of Louisiana] destroyed the literal interpretation of the Constitution, hitherto enslaving a congeries of jarring little commonwealths in the bondage of verbalism, because, though manifestly beneficent and necessary, it could be justified before the law only by appeal to the spirit and not the letter. Thenceforward Americans have been steadily enlarging their constitutional law by interpretation, and the apparent timidity of amendment which they display is simply due to the absence of necessity for revision as long as expansion by interpretation continues."

As great soldiers naturally study one another's biographies, Colonel Roosevelt must have seen this passage, and he probably pointed it out to Mr. Root, whose entire speech it is, in a nutshell. From whom Professor Sloane "conveyed" it research has not disclosed; it sounds somewhat like an exaggerated version of an unconsidered utterance by that illustrious constitutional lawyer, Professor Satan.

The words of the "official hymn" for the opening of the Jamestown exposition are not so bad as those of Miss Monroe for the Columbian exposition at Chicago, but they are as bad as it was possible to make them after fifteen added years of progress in culture. They have not a line of poetry, nor so much as the suggestion of a poetical idea. Their author, Mr. Pegram, doubtless did the best he knew how, but he must try to content himself with the secondary fame that gilds the brow of a horrible example. In time, perhaps, the worthy "business men" of this country who manage public pageants and serve as "committees on literary exercises" will learn that calling a man a poet does not make him one, not even for an hour. And when Poet-of-the-Day Pegram gets the twist out of his legs and the fatigue out of his fingers he will probably accept that view of the matter himself.

How completely American writers of a certain class are obsessed by the English spirit—the colonial spirit—is shown by an article on humor, by Mr. Chauncey B. Brewster, in a recent number of "The North American Review." In an article on that subject in a periodical with that name one would naturally expect to find some small signs of consciousness that this country has a literature from which humor is not, or at one time was not, altogether absent. Not so; with the exception of two from "Faust" (to which it would be uncivil to deny one's faith), all of Mr. Brewster's illustrations are from the tight little isle. Shakespeare, Addison, Sterne, Sidney Smith, Lamb, Thackeray—not all the dear familiar old names are there, but no others. Perhaps Mr. Brewster is himself a Briton, but I infer not; he writes like an incurable American.

Mr. Percival Pollard says of Mrs. Wharton's works that they are books "in which nothing whatever happens except such things as, in the old 'Punch' phrase, we might have wished differently put." That sounds like a careless little thing to say, but when you think about it pretty hard you see that, if just, it does not leave a vestigial fragment of the unhappy Mrs. Wharton. I wish Mr. Pollard would let the poor little ink-ladies alone and lay his heavy hand upon such afflicting men-folk as the Gee-whizzers and general red-slangers of the Lampton-Ade school, and the thrifty captains of the root-hog-or-dialect industry.



ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE

By James J. Montague

Illustrated by Harry Linnell

OUR fire-escape's the place we play;
We've got to play somewhere,
For mother has to work all day,
So I mind baby there.

Of course, you know, it's pretty high,
But when you're used to it,
An' never tumble, by an' by
You don't get scared a bit.

We make believe there's grass an' trees
An' really truly ground,
With butterflies an' bumblebees
Jus' zippin' all around.

An' we pertend we're sparrows, too,
An' that we're in a nest
Up here, an' all we've got to do
Is chirp, an' eat, an' rest.

There's lots for us to see, besides—
The clo'es hung out to dry,
An' those big fuzzy clouds that slides
Right underneath the sky.

An' when my mother's late, some nights,
We look out through the bars,
An' watch the rows of 'lectric lights
Till God turns on the stars.

They make it seem, somehow, as though
The world was awful small,
An' we don't feel so glad, or so,
So lucky, after all.

An' then we try to think perhaps
Those stars light up the way
To great big yards for little chaps
That's had no place to play.





Drawn by Harry Linnell

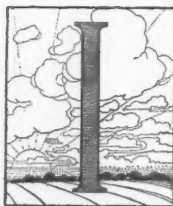
*"There's lots for us to see, besides—
The clo'es hung out to dry,
An' those big fuzzy clouds that slides
Right underneath the sky"*



Uncle Israel

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Frank B. Masters



IT would take altogether too long to begin at the beginning. Suffice it that there were three of them: Isidore Charkowsky, who was married and was held to be very respectable, Isaac Charkowsky, who was married and was held to be very respectable, and David Charkowsky, who was not married and was not held to be very respectable. Which, naturally, makes David the most interesting of the three. The fact that he was the youngest of the three brothers may, perhaps, be accepted in extenuation.

They had emigrated from Russia together. Isidore and Isaac, being somewhat older, had clung to the ways of their forefathers and had fallen into the routine of the older generation of the Ghetto—which means

many things. David, younger and of more plastic fiber, had been quick to assimilate the habits and tendencies of the younger generation—a process usually known as Americanization—and had, without the slightest apparent effort, succeeded in falling under the ban of his orthodox brothers. Which means, in brief, that he played cards, frequented coffee-houses, neglected the synagogue, shunned the Beth Hamedrish, and, in moments of abstraction, even omitted the daily Shema. Until they were married, Isidore and Isaac possessed most of their interest in life in common—a state of affairs that wives usually succeed in shattering. David, however, had always been a thorn in their side, for his ways were not their ways and his point of view was diametrically opposed to theirs. In fact, upon the day when the three brothers decided to escape from the bondage of Russia and cast

their fortunes in the new world they had but one possession, one solitary interest in life, in common. And that was a rich uncle.

Upon coming home from work, one night, Isidore Charkowsky found his wife poring over a letter.

"It is for you," she said. "I wanted to know what was in it so I opened it."

Therein, by the way, lay the key to the Isidore Charkowsky household. Isidore, without a murmur of protest, took the letter from her hands and began to read it. His eyes began to sparkle, and he smacked his lips expectantly.

"My rich Uncle Israel is on his way over from Russia," he said.

"So I have been reading," observed his wife. "But he does not say whether he is going to live with us or with your brother Isaac."

Isidore frowned.

"If he goes to live with Isaac," his wife went on, "he might just as well stay in Russia for all the good it will do us. Your brother will poison his mind against you."

"Maybe he didn't write to Isaac," suggested Isidore.

"Maybe he did and maybe he didn't."

"Well, I have to see Isaac on business to-night, and if he got a letter from uncle he will probably tell me."

"But be careful, Isidore, and don't say anything about your letter until he tells you he got one, too."

"Oh, I'm too smart for that."

That night the two brothers met, and Isidore waited anxiously to hear his brother drop some hint as to whether he had heard from his uncle. But Isaac never referred to their wealthy relative. It occurred to Isidore to try strategy.

"I saw Schmulevitch to-day," he said. "Do you know, Isaac, every time I see that man he makes me think of our old Uncle Israel."

"Is that so?" commented Isaac. Nothing more.

"We are safe," said Isidore to his wife, that night. "Isaac suspects nothing. And before he knows that uncle is here he will be so comfortable with us that nothing could take him away."

"What room shall we give him?" asked Mrs. Charkowsky. They discussed every phase of the situation until far into the night, and Mrs. Charkowsky even had a dream in which she saw demons—an infallible omen,

as every woman in the Ghetto will assure you, that she was soon to receive a large amount of money. For ten days Isidore and his wife made elaborate preparations for the reception of Uncle Israel and built many a beautiful air-castle with the golden eggs that were soon to be laid in their nest. Then the ship upon which the uncle had sailed arrived in the harbor, and Isidore, arrayed in his best Shabbas clothes, went to the Battery to meet him, for, with all his wealth, Uncle Israel had insisted upon traveling in the steerage. At the Battery, in the very gateway through which all immigrants must pass, stood his brother Isaac. They glared at each other.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Isaac.

"That," replied Isidore calmly, "is largely my business. But may I ask what you are doing here?"

"Did you get a letter?" asked Isaac.

"Sure I did. But he didn't say that he wrote to you."

"Well, he did, and you may as well go home. I have prepared a room for him, and he will be very comfortable with us. You can come to see him some time if you like, but I guess he will be better off by me than anywhere else."

"Bah!" replied Isidore. "Go home yourself. Your wife can't cook, and uncle is very particular about what he eats. Besides, my wife has made all arrangements for him. You really might as well go home. You can visit him just as well when he is by us."

The discussion would, in all likelihood, have been kept up for the rest of the day if the immigrants' boat had not arrived and Uncle Israel, ruddy from his sea-trip and staggering under a huge bundle of baggage, come upon the scene.

"Dear, dear uncle!" the brothers cried, with one voice. "Come with me."

He stared blankly from one to the other.

"Take his baggage, Isaac," said Isidore. "I will lead him to my home."

"No, you take his baggage. Uncle is coming with me."

"Wait! wait!" cried Uncle Israel. "Let me breathe. What is the matter? Where is David? Why didn't he come? I wrote to him, too."

"Oh, David is not much good any more," said Isaac. "He is a loafer. Isidore and me have with him nothing to do. But you

had better come to my house, uncle. We have everything ready for you, and my wife is crazy to see you."

He seized his uncle by the arm and would have drawn him away had not Isidore hastily seized the other arm, crying:

"No! no! My wife is crazy, too. We have got everything ready for you, and my wife is a fine cook, uncle. Oh, a lovely cook. Ask Isaac. Isn't my wife a fine cook, Isaac?"

"You come with me, uncle, and to-night, or some other time, Isidore can come around and we will talk it over. Now let go his arm, Isidore. Uncle is tired and wants to go home."

"Sure he is tired, Isaac. Please let go of his arm. His home is my house and nobody's else's house."

Uncle Israel, bewildered, gazed from one to the other in dismay, wondering vaguely whether this was one of the customs of the new land, and then, suddenly, an idea flashed into his mind.

"Wait!" he cried. "I know how we settle it. Where lives my friend, the Rabbi Barish?"

"Come to my house," said Isaac, "and I will send for him."

"No! no!" said the old man determinedly. "Him I see first before I go to anybody's house. He is my old friend and a good adviser. Come now, be good boys and take my bundle. It's heavy."

There remained nothing for the nephews to do but to relieve him of his burden and guide him to the rabbi's residence. The rabbi greeted his old friend with affectionate cordiality.

"H'm!" said he, after Uncle Israel had laid the situation before him. "Which of your nephews is the older?"

"Me!" declared Isidore proudly.

"Only a year," sneeringly declared Isaac.

"A year," remarked the rabbi sagely, "is a year. The fact remains that he is the older. Now the only way that I see is for your uncle to go straight to Isidore's house."

"Sure!" said Isidore. "That is the only way."

"And stay there a week. After which he should go to Isaac's house and stay there a week. Then he can return to Isidore's house for another week and then go to Isaac's for the following week until he makes up his mind where he wants to live all the time."

"You are my dear, old friend," exclaimed Uncle Israel, embracing the rabbi. Isaac entered vehement protest against this arrangement, but the forces against him were too strong to be resisted.

"All right," said he. "Besides being a good cook, my wife is a good doctor. When you come to us with indigestion she knows how to cure you."

The Isidore Charkowskys had triumphed, and during the evening meal that day they gloated over the discomfiture of brother Isaac.

"You see, uncle," said Isidore, "Isaac's wife is a fine woman, but—" A comprehensive wave of his hand in the direction of his spouse was more eloquent than an hour's speech.

"And Isaac," remarked Mrs. Isidore, "is a good enough kind of man, as men go, but when you compare him with Isidore—" Her head, poised to one side, and her hands outstretched with palms uppermost conveyed more meaning than a volume. And thus, throughout the evening, not the slightest opportunity was lost to disparage the absent brother until, finally, Uncle Israel, to change the subject, asked about David. Isidore and his wife gazed upon him pityingly.

"David?" they asked. "The less you see of him the better. He does not come to visit us. We do not wish to see him. He goes with Goyim (Christians), plays cards, and spends all his time in the theaters and coffee-houses."

When Isidore returned from work the following evening, his first question to his wife was, "What has he been doing all day?"

"He went out early in the morning and has just returned," she replied.

"Well, uncle," he inquired cheerily, "how have you spent your first day in the new land?"

"Never mind," replied Uncle Israel. "I wish you would send for David. I want to see him."

Isidore and his wife gazed at each other in dismay.

"He is not fit to be in your company, uncle," said Isidore.

"Maybe. But I want to see him. I haven't seen him for twenty years. Not since he was a little boy. Tell him I'm here."

To Isidore's great relief, Isaac and his



"UNCLE ISRAEL, BEWILDERED, GAZED FROM ONE TO THE OTHER IN DISMAY"

wife arrived at that moment, and to Mrs. Isidore's intense disgust, Mrs. Isaac, without waiting for the formality of an introduction, threw her arms around the rich relative's neck and kissed him, enthusiastically, upon both cheeks.

"Dear, dear uncle!" she cried. "How can we live until the happy day when you come to us?"

Uncle Israel submitted stolidly to her embraces until the good lady had exhausted herself. Then, turning to Isaac, he said:

"I want to see David. Will you send for him?"

Isidore and Isaac exchanged glances.

"Uncle," said Isaac, "he is our brother and we cannot disown him, but"—his handkerchief flew to his eyes—"he is a

thorn in our side. It would only distress you to meet him."

"Nevertheless," said Uncle Israel stubbornly, "I would like to see him."

It was Isaac who wrote the note while Isidore went out to seek a messenger, and when Isidore returned with a bright-eyed little boy who had agreed to deliver the message for a penny, Isaac read aloud what he had written.

"Brother David," so ran the note, "our dear Uncle Israel is at Brother Isidore's home. He has just arrived from Russia. Have you anything to say to him?"

"You see," he explained to his uncle, "I did not say that you wanted to see him. Let him come if he wishes to."

Uncle Israel nodded approbation. The



"DAVID WAS INITIATING HIS WEALTHY
RELATIVE INTO THE MYSTERIES
OF PINOCHLE"

boy went off with the note and returned, within a quarter of an hour, with the answer.

"Give the old man my love. I'm playing pinochle with Rosnofsky and I'm out. Bring uncle around if he isn't busy. Yrs. David."

Both Isidore and Isaac could hardly conceal their triumph.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Isidore. "He will not even leave his game of cards to pay his respects to his dear uncle."

Uncle Israel's forehead was puckered into many a wrinkle, and his eyes gazed steadily

at the wall for a long time. Finally, "What is that pinochle?" he asked.

"It is a gamble," explained Isaac. "It is played with cards and for money. David spends all his money playing it."

"Does he never win?" asked Uncle Israel.

Isidore shook his head. "I don't think so," he replied. "He never has any money."

Uncle Israel drew a long breath. Then, jumping briskly to his feet, "Bring me my overcoat," he said.

"Why, uncle!"

"Bring me my overcoat, I said," he repeated. "I'm going out to see David. He is too young to spend all his money playing cards."

Despite all their persuasion, deaf to all their arguments, he insisted upon setting out to find his erring nephew and would, no doubt, have gone alone had not Isidore and Isaac decided that their wisest course was to accompany him. Pinkus's café was crowded when they arrived, and through the thick cloud of tobacco smoke that filled the room it was some time before they located their erring relative. They found him, at last, seated in a cozy corner of the room, leaning back comfortably in his chair with his feet upon another chair, earnestly engaged in a game of cards.

"David," said Isidore, "here is Uncle Israel come to see you." David's eyes were

glued to his cards. "Sit down, uncle," said he, without looking up. "Wait till I play this hand."

Uncle Israel seated himself in silence, and Isidore and Isaac exchanged glances of satisfaction. A moment later the game was finished and then—and not until then—David turned toward his uncle and, clapping him heartily upon the shoulder, cried:

"Welcome to the United States, uncle! My! you haven't changed a bit. You look just as you did when I was a little boy. Are you having a good time?"

There was something so hearty in his greeting and an air of such engaging amiability about him that Uncle Israel's words of reproach died upon his lips.

"Have you been a good boy, David?" he asked.

David laughed. "Oh, pretty good! But not as good as my brothers. I spend all my money and have a good time, but they save their money and—well, maybe they have a good time, too. But they're kind of old-fashioned. Hey, Isidore? If you want to get along in this country, uncle, don't be old-fashioned. Learn to be an American. What are you doing to-night?"

"He is going back to my house," answered Isidore.

"Maybe!" said Uncle Israel. "Why did you ask?"

"Oh, I just thought if you had nothing better to do you might like to go to the theater with me. I have two tickets."

"Sure I'll go!" he replied.

"Uncle!" cried Isidore and Isaac in a horrified tone.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded peevishly. "Isn't it better for me to take him to the theater than to let him play cards here?"

David grinned. "After the theater, uncle, I know a nice place where we can get supper and see a lot of nice people."

"But, uncle," cried Isidore, "the theater is not over until nearly midnight. How can you find your way to my home?"

"You can stay with me, uncle," said David, smiling at him. "I always keep an extra bed for a bachelor friend."

When David smiled his whole face lit up, a careless, boyish face, without a trace of wickedness, and most people who saw him smile felt like smiling, too. At any rate, a most genial smile overspread Uncle Israel's face as he turned triumphantly to Isidore

and exclaimed. "Say! That's the best idea I have yet heard."

"Uncle," said Isidore, in despair, "let me have a talk with you in private. Just one minute, uncle, dear!"

Uncle Israel shook his head. "No! no! No private talk! Hey, David? Come on, David! We must go to the theater. Tell your wife, Isidore, if I do not come back after the theater I will be by David."

"Well, uncle, all I can say is, you will be sorry. But you are my dear uncle, and I will give you advice. Look out for robbers!" And he nodded significantly toward David.

Uncle Israel did not return to Isidore's home that night, but upon the following day a messenger appeared with a request that Isidore send all his uncle's belongings to David's apartments. In great perturbation Mrs. Isidore sent for her husband.

"Go and see the old fool!" she cried. "Tell him what a dangerous character David is. If he goes there we lose him for good."

Isidore found his uncle and David seated at a table with a pack of cards between them. David was initiating his wealthy relative into the mysteries of pinochle.



"THEY HAVE GONE A LONG PLEASURE-TRIP TO TAKE"

"Uncle," said Isidore, aghast, "can I speak one word with you in private?"

"No! No private word! Hey, David?"

"Aha!" cried Isidore, pointing excitedly to his uncle's waistcoat. "You did not take my advice. Your big gold watch and chain are gone. You have been robbed."

Uncle Israel shook his head calmly. "I gave it to David," said he. "David did not know what time it is so, he has to have a watch. Sit down, Isidore, and watch me learn pinochle. Now what did you say four kings counted?"

But Isidore fled to seek Brother Isaac and consult with him as to the wisest course to

pursue. They could not agree upon a plan of action that day or the next or even the next. But upon the fourth day they decided upon their course, and together they went to David's apartments. The door was locked and their loud knocks brought no response. Presently the adjoining door opened and a middle-aged woman appeared. "You want Mr. David Charkowsky?" she asked.

"Yes. Where is he?"

"He went away last night with his rich uncle. They have gone a long pleasure-trip to take. They come back in two months maybe."



The Worker and the Work

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

In what I do I note the marring flaw,
The imperfections of the work I see;
Nor am I one who rather *do* than *be*,
Since its reversal is Creation's law.

Nay, since there lies a better and a worse,
A lesser and a larger, in men's view,
I would be better than the thing I do,
As God is greater than his universe.

He shaped himself before he shaped one
world:

A million eons, toiling day and night,
He built himself to majesty and might,
Before the planets into space were hurled.

And when Creation's early work was done,
What crude beginnings out of chaos
came—

A formless nebula, a wavering flame,
An errant comet, a voracious sun.

And, still unable to perfect his plan,
What awful creatures at his touch found
birth—

Those protoplasmic monsters of the
earth,
That owned the world before he fashioned
Man.

And now, behold the poor unfinished state
Of this, his latest masterpiece! Then why,
Seeing the flaws in my own work, should I
Be troubled that no voice proclaims it great?

Before me lies the cycling rounds of years;
With this small earth will die the thing
I do:

The thing I am goes journeying onward
through
A million lives, upon a million spheres.

My work I build, as best I can and may,
Knowing all mortal effort ends in dust.
I build myself, not as I may, but must,
Knowing, or good, or ill, that self must stay.

Along the ages, out, and on, afar,
Its journey leads, and must perforce be
made.

Likewise its choice, with things of shame
and shade,
Or up the path of light, from star to star.

When all these solar systems shall disperse,
Perchance this labor, and this self-
control,

May find reward; and my completed soul
Will fling in space, a little universe.

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